



Esquire

AUGUST 1996

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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OF THE
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Searching for Deliverance 54

By NORMAN MAILER

Politics has never made stranger bedfellows than this: Norman Mailer, the iconoclastic author and former candidate (left), finds an astonishing amount of common ground with Patrick J. Buchanan. Their mission? Nothing short of remaking our society



Leary's Last Trip 62

By DOUGLAS RUSHCROFT

Timothy Leary's final days were utterly in character: carnivalesque in both the best and the worst of ways. A longtime friend recounts how the good doctor went about the art of dying



Women We Love 69

How do we love Lisa Marie Presley, Princess Diana, Elle Macpherson, Liz Tiller, Angels Bensen, Tina Luzzi, Laurie Moore, Cher, and the anchorwomen of CNN? Let us count the ways. Plus: Bill Zehme listens to Sharon Stone's heart. And, of course, just a few of our least favorite ladies



Brain Surgery Made Easy 94

By JAMES BRESLIN

It starts out as a little eye trouble and a headache and winds up a short while later as a life-or-death wrestling match between a world-class head cutter and the time bomb inside the author's skull (Guess who wins?)

REALITY CHECK

The First Family's secret Secret Service problem; **Newt Gingrich's** neutering; **Bob Dole's** picture fetish; **Sonny Bono's** new religion. Plus: the man who is immune to **HIV**, and a feminist **Ms.** fortune. **By Jeannette Walls 20**

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ESKY

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A MAN'S GUIDE TO FINDING DIAMONDS

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On Love and Marriage

Lyn Darling's May cover story, "For Better and Worse," prompted an extraordinary response/foreword. A sampling follows.

LYNN DARLING ILLUMINATES AN EXPERIENCE most of us undergo with due understanding. My friends and I were swept up by the kiss of Darling's insight and finely honed writing, and we breathed sighs of recognition as she led us through nearly every stance of marriage. Darling's take on the "can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em" paradox left us with a sort of yin-yang resolution that allows us to comfortably embrace the complexity of wedded bliss.

—KAREN BAUMS
Laguna Niguel, Calif.



WHEN WILL YOU FEEL WORTHY and deserve a full page of "Women We Love to the Darling Lyn Darling?"

—JOYCE COOK
New Orleans, La.

NOWHERE HAVE I COME ACROSS A more definitive, unflinching, and incisive depiction of the current state of matrimony. Darling has captured the moral ambiguity and exposed the shimmering inner truths behind the myth.

—ARNOLD SIMON
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

I'M QUITE SURE THE ANSWER TO LIFE dwells within these few pages of Darling's essay. If only I could assume her literary wit and decide it.

—PAUL HOLLOWAY
Sunderby, Ga.

DARLING'S BARE, INTELLIGENT HONESTY, WRY WIT, and absolute knock-out writing more than did justice to a very difficult and serious subject.

—CAROL BERTHOUD
New-Denise, Brook Columbia

THERE IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE EVER read anything in Esquire that moved me to pray—because Darling's barbed prose reveals only cynical cynicism, no matter how strongly she socks redemption in her candid, her individualistic ideology makes her pretty phrases on

marriage into: Self-sacrifice, loyalty, and commitment to the other, all of which are intrinsic to matrimony, are language that she cannot tolerate.

—GREGORY SAGER
Chicago, Ill.

DARLING DESCRIBES A SIMULACRA divorced woman doomed to feel before it begins. Former trying to reconcile her past self with her present self and wondering how she could suck up against her future self, she is engaged in a fierce struggle. Marriage, like life, will give you back what you choose to put into it. And it is a choice. If you feel the way Darling does, don't do it. You would make a miserable partner anyway.

—JEFFREY DIAMOND
Mebola, N.J.

AFTER WEATHERING THE AFTERMATH of a twelve-year marriage that ended in divorce, a second marriage that also ended in divorce, and the past six years of soul-searching, I welcomed Darling's beautiful piece. Our points of view originate from opposite camps of the war between the sexes, but we are in harmony on the essence of the many conflicts resulting from the religious commitment, legal contract, and strangeness of convenience we call marriage. I have shared her article with both ex-wives and will save it for future use with the cover "Mind this first."

—CHARLES L. ROZHOVAK
Sugar Land, Tex.

AS A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD SINGLE WOMAN, I was both repulsed by and appreciative of Darling's honesty. She acknowledged that people now in their twenties "grew up in a harder school and know a good deal when they see one" and thus may have different opinions regarding marriage than baby boomers. Perhaps my nation has generational roots. Her rationalizations and fear of the future frightened me. I can only hope my marriage will remain grounded, midwestern goodness rather than brilliantly analyzed helixway neurons.

—JOHN CARMICHAEL
Redonda Beach, Calif.

PLEASE CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION to your magazine. Darling's article reflected the nervous whining of self-indulgent cynicism. My time is too valuable to waste on the trashy publication Esquire has unfortunately become.

—CHARLES E. KODOLL
Chicago, Ill.

WHEN OVERCROWD PEOPLE TALK OF the old marriage has taken on their souls, they are considering poor sports. When single people speak of their fate, they are labeled losers and jaded. For couples to speak of these issues before marriage is incoherent and signals a fear of intimacy; once they are married, it is perhaps marital suicide. We must stop looking to marriage as the refuge for all that is sacred in this country. We have learned that causing one corporation to protest to for life is worse in these ever-changing times. Marriage has not changed, but we certainly have.

—MAUREEN CAMPION
Minneapolis, Minn.

LYNN, FOR ALL OUR BARRS, TAKE A LEAD FROM INSIGHT. The baby-boomer whining has become so tiresome. I am twenty-six years old with two children. I know firsthand about struggle in a marriage. But the only thing I like to reflect on at the end of the day is my husband's backside. No regrets, no looking back on what could have or should have been. I support him in every endeavor, and he returns this support with mutual love and respect. By the way, I lived with a woman for eighteen years who regressed everything she ever did. She was miserable and finally divorced my father after twenty-five wasted years.

—GINGER SMITH
Houston, Tex.

DARLING'S BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE IS lucidly observant, powerful, touching, honest, and absolutely dead on the mark. It is writing that matters.

—ANN CALHOUN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Letters on the other should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, c/o Time, c/o P.O. Box, New York, N.Y. 10019, or sent by Email to esquire@earthlink.net. Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

OVER THE YEARS, Norman Mailer has spent a lot of time thinking about the dynamics of political power, and at least once, in 1969, he tried to go out and get some himself. That was when Mailer and fellow writer Jimmy Breslin ran a populist (if not quixotic) campaign in the New York Democratic mayoral primary.

What might have been an intriguing experiment in urban government, however, would have also made for a duller period in American letters. "I'd had won, I had no intention of writing during that time," Mailer says. "The only would have taken all my energies."

But the mere experience of running for office grounded Mailer in the psychological realities of being a candidate in the media age. That proved invaluable in plumbing the psyche of a complicated politician like Frank Buchanan, whom he viewed for his article, "Searching for Delirium" (page 54), in which Mailer attempts to reconstruct Buchanan for a pet project of his own: the radical restruc-



Breslin and Mailer on the campaign trail.

tured possible. Maybe they still are."

The other half of that ticket, frequent *Esquire* contributor Jimmy Breslin, is also featured this month, with an adaptation of *Brain Surgery Made Easy* (page 54) of his latest book, *I Was in 'Thank My Brain for Remembering Me* (Larint, Brown). "Both Mailer and I thought we'd use the experience to write about it," Breslin says of the 1969 campaign. "But it went off into the night air, and neither of us has done anything with it. It's just this. It's the last time that the English language was used in a New York City political campaign."

turning of American politics. If the two men stopped short of making history, they at least discovered a remarkable amount of common ground. "It was a long and interesting afternoon," says Mailer, "and while I didn't become a Republican and he didn't become a Democrat, I think there were moments there when a few exciting things

short stories in *Gay Am* (Atlantic Monthly Press), Bruce Jay Friedman, whose new novel, *A Father's Kiss* (Donald I. Fine), will be published next month. Paul Rudnick, who wrote *Jeffrey* and the forthcoming *Frank Che* film, in and out, *George G. Wells*, Tony-

award-winning director of *Bring in the Night*, *Bring in the Night*, contributing editor Michael Agazzi, and Elton Cole, whose latest fiction collection is *The Silver Bird* (Penguin USA).

Of course, we must also pay tribute to our own. When we're Love, design director Diane Lefkowitz, picture editor Marianne Heller, assistant picture editor Danielle Place, picture researcher Wally Reilly, and editorial production director Richard Buggers.

SCOUNDING OFF THE BEAT, Douglas Barthelme explores the final days of Timothy Leary ("Leary's Last Trip," page 51). Barthelme, who knew Leary for the last decade, dedicated his latest book, *Playing the Powers* (Harper-Collins), to Dr. Tim.

Danielle Federico



coach. Pat Wang, *The Color City* director Ben Stiller, who last starred in *Flirting with Disaster*. Former

Memoirist editor B. B. Whitte, whose latest book is *How to Make and Take Care of the World* (Ballantine), Kathy Friedman, of *Texas Jewboys* fame, whose next novel, *The Love Song of J. Edgar Hoover*, will be published next month (Stanton Schuster), *Esquire* columnist Mark Sapoz, whose latest book is *Both Engines in a Car* (Dial), Stanley Druck, author of *The All-American Sex Game* (Pantheon), recently joined from Bill Miller, whose book *Don't Anybody Know a Problem with That?* was just published by Villard, senior writer Bill Collins, Bill Self, whose latest collection of

"Since I Don't Have You" music video for Guns N' Roses. Danielle Federico's photography has appeared in many magazines, including *Avant*, *U*, and *Play*. Federico also photographed one of the early *Esquire* porn ad campaigns. Michel Gervit, who photographed our cover subject, Sharon Stone, has been featured in *News*, *Play*, and *U* and has had many commercial clients, including Calvin Klein, Gucci Versace, and Giorgio Armani.

Predictors their love this year are New York Times column

LOVING THE KINDS OF women we do each year (page 54) require, as you might imagine, many talented people. Jeffrey Thayer's photography has appeared in *Harper's*, *Esquire*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Gourmet*. Mike, among other magazines. His work will be included in *Esquire* (HarperCollins), which Rizzoli will publish next year. Santa Pineda photographed last year's Women We Love cover of Cindy Crawford and most recently photographed Mike Tyson for *Esquire*. His images have also appeared in *Entertainment Weekly*, *Play*, and *U* and *O'Connor* devoted the

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Reality Check

By Jeannette Walls

FALLS

Was He Doctored in the House?



the *Spirit of the House*, when **Ron Reagan** married his second wife, Mamie, the couple decided early on that they wouldn't have children, so Gingrich had a vasectomy. Newt Gingrich's office didn't return calls.

In *Condoleezza Rice's* no holds barred memoir, *The American Promise*, which Scribner will publish this fall, she offers this and other revelations and his more rough words for her brother and "Newt's Republican luncheon." Condoleezza says she and Newt have had intense tension and that in once took her two years to schedule a meeting with him. She also says that Newt's book, *To Run America*, "reads like an undergraduate seminar paper in political science."

CONVERSATIONS

I Got You, L. Ron

Don't be surprised if you see **Reagan** in *any* form involved in a deep philosophical discussion with **Wendell** or **John Stossel** sometime soon. The Republican congressman has come under scrutiny in some circles because of his ties to the Church of Scientology. He was introduced to religion by Cruise's ex-wife,

Michelle, Don's ex-husband admits that he has studied the sometimes controversial religion, but his spokesman insists that he's not a member of the church. "He certainly turned to be a Roman Catholic," says spokesman Frank Chiles Jr. "I think he would say that he is not a Scientologist as such" (in fact, many Scientologists also adhere to traditional religions like, such as Christianity or Judaism). "Where it comes to people pushing him on the



They want to be alone.

SAFETY

To Protect and Annoy

Don Hill and **Hillary Clinton**'s desire of the Secret Service pose a threat to their security? The First Family has long complained about the intrusiveness of the Secret Service and has blamed the agency—whom some consider Republican loyalists—for such looks as Hillary's alleged leprosy-throwing incident. The Clintons even resigned some security details and removed agents from their second-floor living quarters. Now about Washington officials, including members

of the FBI, are concerned that the Clintons' desire for privacy may be putting them at risk, says a source. A spokesman for the FBI denies the story, but the source explains that if the pair

in the Clintons' protection were widely known, it might encourage attacks. The White House has publicly maintained that it's happy with the Secret Service, and its agency spokesmen dismiss talk of leaks or treason, saying that the agent's feelings toward the Clintons are irrelevant. "We have a very specific mission to protect the First Family." "The Secret Service guys loved George Bush, but they really don't like the Clintons," says the source. "And the funding is minimal."



Bill Clinton

And now I feel the force of something new surrounding me." Okay, so it's not "The Best Goes On."



DISCOVERIES

The Walking AIDS Lab

In 1980, **Jeff Green** became one of the first doctors or so known AIDS specialists doctors didn't even have a name for the condition then, although some were wisely calling it GRID—gay-related immune deficiency. Fourteen years later, researchers may have made a remarkable discovery: Green's then-lover is the first man they've encountered who appears to be immune to HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. Scientists are now studying the blood of **Steve Cohen**, a 40-year-old Manhattan artist and freelance editor for *Forbes*'s *World's Greatest*, to determine if they can create a vaccine from it.

"It gives me great peace," says Cohen, whose true reaction to finding out he was astonishingly immune to HIV was "relief that my family wouldn't have to go through what I've seen families of AIDS victims going through." "A lot of research has been done on people who are HIV-positive, but not so much has been done on people who are HIV-negative," he adds. "I had already been exposed to the virus through Jerry Green. I've

been tested, but I was always negative. Though people thought that was strange and asked me why I wasn't being tested." It was then that Cohen he sought out **Dr. Bill Hoken**, a Glenside, Pennsylvania, with the Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center in New York who was conducting research on a group of twenty-five people who had had unsafe sex with HIV-positive partners but had yet to develop the infection. Scientists examined the whole blood cells, known as CD4 cells, and bombarded them with HIV to determine how resistant their blood was. Researchers have long known of individuals who contract HIV but don't show signs of full-blown AIDS for years. But Cohen is the first person they've encountered who seems immune altogether. In Cohen's case, doctors could infect a sample of his blood only after inoculating it with phenomenally high doses of HIV—more than three thousand times greater than levels occurring in nature.

"At first, they thought they made a mistake," says Cohen. "They thought

maybe they had done something wrong or that the blood sample was messed up." The scientists have since tested a second subject, identified only as Eric, who also appears to be immune. The key to Cohen's and Eric's resistance may lie in a blood factor that was discovered and several years ago called chimerism, which scientists believe may block HIV. Dr. Patton is excited by the discovery, but he remains only cautiously optimistic. "We still have more work to do," Patton says. "But the research is moving very quickly. It's not like we're going to be able to have people ignoring chimerism next week. We don't want to jump to any conclusions, but we appear to have an individual who is resistant to the virus. If we can determine what is protecting these people, then we can work on a therapy or a vaccine design."

Other scientists are also intrigued by Cohen's case. Professor Frances Gotch, head of immunology at the Chelsea and Westminster Hospital in England, has

called Patton's finding "extremely interesting," because it showed, "for the first time, certain people are non-susceptible to the virus. That goes as far as a vaccine." Cohen himself has become a bit of a media phenomenon in Europe, where he has been dubbed the Man Who Can't Catch AIDS. But the reaction in the United States has been surprisingly low-key. "I've appeared in five million Italian newspapers, but Americans don't really know about me," he says. "I guess they've already put a floor on AIDS."



Ms.

Ms. magazine's cover story on the feminist movement is a real life.

WOMEN'S PREROGATIVES

Support the EAR!

NO WONDER **FRANK** has been better days. On the cover of *Ms.* magazine, she's depicted the word **FRANK**. Founding editor **Gerda Lerner**—who is now a consulting editor—looks the type with good reason. "Everybody was laughing about it," she says. "Nobody knows what Frank is, so it was the prettiest or whatever. You know the word, so you drop over it."

In other words, an honest mistake.

Reality Check

SPED

La Donna Auto-mobilità

AS THE OLD SAYING goes, the opera isn't over until the fat lady gets the checkered flag. At least that's the way it may go if **Kathleen Battle** is any indication. Opera buffs were surprised to hear that the temperamental soprano had been taking lessons at



Photo by: Steve Maffey
www.fox.com

第二單元 評語

And *This*
Little Piggy...

HIGHLY SHAPED AND VERY LIKE a perfectly shaped bottom, Lewin scored 11 points in 1994. *Levi's* Editor-in-Chief **Michael Levine** was an "unkind" to his wife, exonerate blooming male's largest model **Kate Winslet**, who is now a reporter at *Rolling* magazine and a contributor to CNN's *Big Buzz*. The article, which was the many prattles of his beloved's behind, appeared in *The New Republic* and was a source of ridicule within the media industry. Since then, Levine's and/or his, well, bottomed out. While researching an article on MTV, the still-married Lewin became enamored of the network's *Sex-Of* political mounds. **Michelle** Stone, and her

The Super Racing School in Lakeland, Connecticut "She had recently bought a Porsche and was adventurous or maybe figured it out on her own." That's a high-performance car. Get the driving skills to match," says a spokesman for the school, whose rising students also include Jerry Seinfeld, Victoria Principal, and Tom Cruise. "It wasn't technically a racing course, but she learned some of the driving techniques also used by racers—such as threshold braking and how to corner a slide."

Also, check the alignment after you get lost. *Research* for a story

Bobner—who has lately been seen with Grove/Atlantic publisher **Morgan Kousser**—has been working on a parody of Lewis's infamous *Nazi Republic* piece this time, however, the odds is on *Stones*, and the structural frame of choice is Talmud's story.

In Bobner's first folio, the Michael Lewis character shambles down first-class aboard New York's least glamorous **Boeing 747** (*Boeing 747*), where he meets a much younger, political, and more sophisticated **Sheldon Glass**.

"I would meet with a thing about him," Bobner said, at first denying that such a piece existed. "That has been a generally accessible device." When pressed, however, she insisted that the writings were done "only in just

SELF-IMAGE

Makeup by Kevyn Aucoin?

But this world is like to see more stateside images of herself appearing in national publications, and he isn't above doing a little hands-on PR work to make that happen. The GOP presidential nominee got on the phone recently with *Time* magazine's portrait editor, **Michael Sauter**, and told her to use ancient pictures by **R. R. Bentley**, a photographer who has been shadowing Dole and his campaign.

As Bentley tells it, he was on the phone with Supperrson when Dole walked in, heard where he was talking to, and said, "Tell her to come meet me at your picture."

"I said, 'Did you hear that?' Do what he says." And Dole takes the phone and says, "We need a cover and eight to ten pages of big B. F. pictures."

One cranky Time Inc. source says that the politicized view was being hard-headed.



**Boles: Healthy
for life
close-up.**

but others insist he was merely being droll. (In fact, Time did run a large Bentley photo essay not long after Doie announced he would quit the Senate, but Stephens now says that decision wasn't prompted by Doie's wedding.) "Doie was only kidding," says Stephenson. "He was making me mad."

KILLER REVIEWS

WHEN IT COMES TO *Shogun* King, ABC HAS GOOD reasons to be scared. With a stellar maincast based on the *Shogun* streaming series' next year, the network does not want the novelist hacking it to pieces. After the *agila* film version, King said that director *Steven Soderbergh* "had no idea" when the book was about and that *Jack Nicholson* was insane. He even went so far as to suggest that he'd like to remake *The Shogun* and direct it himself! "Not only a King act directing the new mini-series starring *Kenji Doherty* and *Steven Seagal*, he's contractually forbidden from doing it as a director," King says. "I wouldn't even consider it, but the source said, 'When people know the movie better than the source, that's the last thing ABC needs is for King to go around saying there aren't any.'"

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AIR FRANCE 



A close-up photograph of a racing helmet. The helmet is primarily blue with white and red accents. A blue band across the forehead features the 'Valvoline' logo in white script, the 'Ford' logo in white script, and the 'Cummins' logo in white block letters. A red 'Ford' logo is visible on the side. A white 'SNIPSON' logo is on the lower right. The helmet has a black chin guard with a blue and white star pattern. The driver's face is partially visible through the visor.

Esky

Disappointed in his crash, Gordon finished 20th at the U.S. 500 in May, after his engine broke down in the 15th lap. Clockwise from top left: His crew in action, with engineer Dan Selye; his girlfriend, Tanya Rhodes; after the race.

[illegible]

it in. It could get really hot-hot because of the heat but because of all the people in the stands who

CHAPS

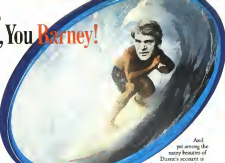
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Kundera, You Barney!

LIKE MOST EUROPEAN novelists most of the time, Milan Kundera is telling a little story, a bit out of sync. He puns how difference and "French" (read ironically absorbed) the style of his latest novel, *Slowness* (HarperCollins), a considerable unhappiness with the modern world bleeds through the comedy. It's a CNN planet full of grandstanding moral postures. Illnesses between the sexes have become simultaneously hilarious and predatory, with couples trying to means and sometimes each other. Everything comes too damn fast—transportation, communication, romance. And when speed doesn't kill outright, it



makes a soul
tiresome and disoriented.
The passage longs for
horse-drawn carriages, garden
intrigue, hard-

delivered love letters.
Illustratively, anyway,
the novel is a plea
for indulgence, for a
golden age of equi-

sant torpor. "Why has
the pleasure of slow
ness disappeared?"
Kundera cries. "Ah,
where have they
gone, those smiles
of youth?"

Actually, as
Daniel Duane's won-
derful book *Caught
Inside a Siefer's* (see
on the California Coast
(North Point Press))
unfolds, those smiles
are down at the
beach. Milan, you
highbrow Barney,
where some trader-
park trash named
Slavny is living the
life you thought
ended in eighteenth-
century France, a
life of gorgeous

slowness. "I'd
love to get a career going,"
Slavny says. "[but] I'm
really busy surfing. I don't
have time."

Clearly, what an
unbouncing Czech like Kundera
needs is some prime tabula-
tion, the chance to experience
some serious shaking in
softer grooves, in
shelter sheds. Translation:
Ride needs the tube formed
when a large wave breaks.
Duane's account traces the
line from horse-drawn
carriage to shopaholic of
the highest order, reflecting
a knowledge of water equal
to an oceanographer's. "You
know that second bowl at
maître's table?" one
prepubescent surf punk says
to his eighty-pound friend.

"The one whose it sucks out
really quick? I got the
ridiculous fluster off it just
now." Translation: Forget it,
I'd need another page. It's
frustrating to write how
Czech consciousness might
be different if they had big
waves off the Marinaleucan
beach? (Yes, it is.)

And
you among the
many beauties of
Duane's account is
how appreciatively it
celebrates surfing as a way of
being in the world. It even
features a sort of lesson here
who teaches much at a local
college in Santa Cruz, wears a
cotton on his bare chest, and
you can read this, you're
too close, and, most impor-

tant, deserves every day of his
life to surfing the Point, be-
fore and long. Duane's in-
local version of *Wilden Pond*
For Duane, surfing is the
pleasure principle that turns
knowing your horse into
passionate scholarship. "He's
an onologist of dolphins,
Henry David Thoreau doing
sprints on a fiberglass board
with a lot of tail rocker and
pretty aerobic rules (although,
charmingly, he's openly
anxious about his decision to
drop off the career track for a
year or so). He studies the
local waves until they begin to
yield universal truths: one of
which is that the
waves of history to discover
collapsing to a catastrophe
like Milan Kundera don't
seem quite so apparent
when you get a chance to
ride real surf off the Point.
Why can't I tell time when you
can't stop it dead in its tracks?

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the mattresses off the beds and carried them down the fire escape and over to a park. We found a spot, put

Runaway Train

THE SUMMER IS supposed to be gone by August, the summer blockbuster already determined, the pubic apathy after a tidal wave of event movies, the studios planning for Christmas. In fact, the end of summer has become a time for interesting films, sort of a nationwide film festival for moviegoers who prefer to discover films rather than have them rammed down their throats.

August is a testing ground for movies with big stars but iffy commercial prospects—Julia Roberts in *Something to Talk About* last year, Kevin Costner in *The Cup* this year. There are the annual slots for Roma Reaves, who had *A Walk in the Clouds* in '95, and now comes with Morgan Freeman in *Chain Reaction*, and for Edward Burns, the writer/director who gave us *The Brother From Another Planet* and now offers *Shes the One*.

Remember the propiously controversial, allegedly provocative *Kiss from a Year Ago*? *Boyz n the City* is a much more radical film in "importing" which has stirred equal doses

of revolution and attraction in London audiences much the same way *A Clockwork Orange* did twenty-five years ago. The film, about a group of heroin addicts who alternately use and lack, is so unrestrained that it's extremely hard to watch.

Also go to see *The Spies Who Came in the Night*, David Zaslav's story of a female ex-convict starting over. This gem was bought by Chuck Rock for a record ten million when it became the critical darling of the Sundance Film Festival.

Downtown crowds who got laughs out of the documentary *Unspool* get tragedy with dignity this year in *Bogart*. Julian Schnabel's surprisingly strong film about painter Jean-Michel Basquiat. For nostalgia, try Robert Altman's *Konan Galt*, a snazzy jazz tale with Jennifer Jason Leigh, Harry Belafonte, and Miranda Richardson. And Kurt Russell reprises Snake Pliskens in John Carpenter's *Rage from L.A.*, which Russell promises will be targeted at the same



cult audience as the original *Rage* from New York. A big million cult film! I'm there.

If history recalls August says, at the time of *Babe*, this time will be remembered for Edward Zwick's intelligent film *Cowboy Under Fire*. Doran Workman plays a lieutenant colonel who mistakenly destroys a friendly tank during the Gulf war. Back home, he is assigned to review the candidacy of a deceased medieval palat (Meg Ryan) for a Medal of Honor. Her story is told by her crew members in conflicting flashbacks in a way that raises questions about how much we really know about the war.

breakdown around the clock on CNN. Unquestionably, this is the fun runner for the Oscar.

K.C. Sound

Two, twenty years from now, when we look back to the jazz renaissance of the 1960s, the soundtrack to *Kansas City* may well stand out as its beacon. Robert Altman has thrown together a disparate group of (mostly) young film, decided that set it, more sleep groups, and set with his actors—some done up as improvisers. It's not *Great Movie* for sets, but the reinvented style is sleek from James Carter here, a spark from David Harvey there—welcome. If the soundtrack, from *Yarn*, when the appetite for more, keep in mind *Chicago's* *The Real Kansas City*, with the original release of *Young*. *Boyz n the City* is going to make any musical ensemble that off the old Eric Burdon records for that. It's pretty much that will keep away the *Boyz n the City* from *Boyz n the City* from *Boyz n the City*.

—MICHAEL J. ARONSON

The artist is a giant.

(on the basketball court)



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Other side of the coin: The runaway train that became love.

the mattress down, and went to bed in the park. It was my first time sleeping. I was fifteen years old. It

Bad Wraps

Ski masks are not, wraps are. Following the contours of the face, wraps give you a tighter fit and extra peripheral protection, and you won't look like something out of an Ed Wood movie. While "sports specific" is the buzzword in skiwear, one good driverwrap pair is better than a shelfful of spares. What matters most—besides looking cool—is matching lenses and frames to your needs. Polycarbonate is the go-to material for safety, and it's lighter and cheaper than glass, and it's shatterproof. But glass, usually optically superior and resistant to scratches, is good for recreational sports. Make sure the lenses are 100 percent UV protected. And look for nylon frames. They bend rather than break.

—MICHAEL VON

Skier on wheels who want full-peripheral protection are wearing Bobby's **Wrap Series**. The black-wrap style thoroughly blocks UV light, and the more you sweat, the more you want. The more firmly the rubber-based sun-seal sticks to your skull, the better.

They may make you look like a Frankenstein, but with their flame-rubber lining, they're a great bet when you catch an elbow on the ice-cold rink. Originally designed for snowboarders, they have side vents that seal tightly against snow.

Available in clear, they are well protected, \$38.

Research is better's **Recess** shades, in its aluminum-framed after-lap flex, have the half-boy look down, but the mirrored polycarbonate lenses are actually lenses and mostly lenses are actually lenses, whether they're blocking through the ice or cycling through the ice. \$38.

Bob's new **Wrap Series** wraps have three ultrathin polycarbonate lenses for bright sunlight, golden sunset light, and clear for low light. Comes with a soft and of the nylon frame in several, without tools. Rubberized temples have the lenses equally at your head when you're not your head. \$38.

The glass lenses of Bob's new **Wrap Series** (the "contrast-reinforced") shades have a rear-surface tint to increase contrast and depth perception and a mirrored coating to reflect sunlight. They're a natural for the skiers' summer's off days—or for early 100-meter-less driving home into a hard morning sun. \$38.

Bob's new **Wrap Series** are for the man who likes perfection that looks as if he were wearing nothing. The red lenses on the Bob's new **Wrap Series** are for the man who likes perfection that looks as if he were wearing nothing. The red lenses on the Bob's new **Wrap Series** are for the man who likes perfection that looks as if he were wearing nothing.

TO YOUR HEALTH: HOW TO STAY FIT, BAME, AND ON TOP OF YOUR GAME. EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

The Male Animal

THE MALE MIND MICHAEL NEWMAN

Secrets of a Political Animal

WHAT DOES THE CEO have that you don't? Who will win the presidential election? Are women really attracted to dangerous men?

Scientists at the Laboratory of Clinical Studies in Pikesville, Maryland, are developing some insights into such questions. For the past couple of years, they've been tracking what qualities distinguish potential leaders from ordinary men and women, including females. They've found that men who are more aggressive, more confident, and more socially dominant are more likely to be chosen as leaders. They've also found that men who are more aggressive, more confident, and more socially dominant are more likely to be chosen as leaders.

The researchers, led by J. Don Higley, found that dominant males are usually not the most aggressive ones. They tend to make big gestures rather than fight. Their most leadership strategy is a political—building coalitions with their neighbors instead of flattening their competitors. The monkeys who rise to the top of the heap are good at taking turns, helping others perform tasks, and asserting personal alien," says Higley. "And when others trouble, they seldom have to resort to direct aggression to stop it. They simply glance at a couple of their disciples, who suddenly come up behind them like a police force to quell the problem."

In the monkey world, a constituency depends on two other characteristics. When they assess others are particularly steady, the most successful males are willing to groom them—that is, pick them from their pelts. (More elaborate backscratching, of course, is performed daily in the corridors of Washington.) Executive monkeys are also good at making up after a fight. They're quick to get back to the business of sex-grooming, which requires weakened bonds.

In contrast to the smooth operators at the top of the social pyramid, the most aggressive monkeys show little concern for others' dramatic comfort and spend most of their days alone. Their interactions often consist of impulsive fights with older and bigger monkeys, like human teenagers with authority figures.

Aggressive monkeys, they often act selfishly and foolishly when challenged. These have compared losses also seem unable to pull back once a fight starts, even when others' bored. Not surprisingly, they're more likely than low-ranking members to be driven from the group or meet an early demise.

Neurochemical analyses by Higley's team link aggressive monkeys to low levels of the brain hormone serotonin (which inhibits impulsive behavior) and socially sophisticated monkeys to high levels. These findings parallel what's known about the chemical influence on human leadership. Men who occupy the corner office tend to have higher blood levels of a substance who don't. Some people are generally predisposed to have higher—or lower—levels of serotonin than average, but other research

shows that the further a man rises, the more serotonin he must excrete—a seemingly self-perpetuating bit of personal chemistry.

Abundant serotonin helps create another kind of popularity as well. Higley's research shows that females have an unusual knack for pegging the Prince Charming and the Dunderhead Don. Shortly after two males of contrasting temperaments were put into an all-female cage, the monkey girls were "telling all over themselves" to groom the high-serotonin adolescent, even though neither male had

Let's put Clinton and Dole in the monkey cage and see how they fare.

overly done anything to woo or reject the girls. The females' intense interest conformed much more than just a big-free 'do. Outnumbered by his rivals' harem, the lower would be unable to meet a successful challenge to his authority.

The primate research is clear: Nice guys do finish first—and score points with the girls. Within our own species, it's safe to assume that politicians are a particularly serotonin-rich population—some clearly more than others. For the current presidential candidates, the research suggests instructing a singular test of agreeability: Bob Dole, a proven leader, struggles with the gender gap in polls. President Clinton, a hyper backscratcher, has perhaps too much serotonin. Let's just put them in the monkey cage and see how they fare.

Protein Pushers

WHILE BEFORE the Redux weight-loss pill arrived in June, a diet cookbooks was already under duress. To stem down, a stack of new books argue, you must eat more protein and cut back on complex carbohydrates. This formula was a hit in the 1980s and 90s, when diet gurus such as Dr. Robert Atkins told weight watchers they could scarf down steak as long as they skipped the potatoes. Now, after a decade of carb-loading for health, the buffet tables have turned again. A revised version of Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution returned the best-seller lists this spring. Other new protein-friendly guides—including *The Zone*, by Barry Sears, and *Protein Power* by physicians Michael R. Eades and Mary Dale Eades—push a more spar-

tan approach than Atkins did, but they too, note that the path to lower weight and longer life can include frequent stops at the butcher.

Diet that boost protein and high carbs are based on the observation that overweight people tend to have high levels of the hormone insulin. Carbohydrates in the bloodstream (broken down as glucose) stimulate production of insulin, which guides the glucose to waiting cells, where it's used as energy or stored as fat. Too little insulin can cause diabetes, but according to protein proponents, high insulin levels force the body to store fat, leading to obesity, heart disease, and other ailments.

Most Americans get about 15 percent of their total calories from protein. Sears would double that figure, contending that protein stimulates production of

another hormone, glucagon, which keeps the insulin in check. "The question you should ask," he says, "is, What's the most hormonally correct diet?"

But does balancing your insulin and glucose levels make you lose weight faster? Most nutritionists say this theory is just as much high-protein baloney. It's not what you eat but how much, they insist. In fact, some evidence suggests that insulin actually helps regulate weight. University of Washington endocrinologist Michael Schwartz says that a high insulin level gets more



of the hormone to the nervous system, where, he believes, it signals the brain to stop eating. In Schwartz's research, subjects with low insulin packed on pounds, while normal- to high-insulin subjects maintained their weight.

Another reason to hang on to your pasta maker is that some biochemists think too much protein can sour your disposition. MIT's Judith Wurtman, who co-developed *Balance and Weight: The Science of Salience*, explains that carbs stimulate production of the mood-regulating neurotransmitter serotonin, while protein blocks the amino acid tryptophan—from which serotonin derives—from reaching the brain. Low serotonin levels

Give Us This Day Our Daily Half-Bagel

If a moderately active two-hundred-pound man were to start the Protein Power diet to lose ten pounds, one day's sustenance would add up to about eighteen hundred calories and might look something like this:

Breakfast
Omelette (2 whole eggs plus 4 whites)
Half a bagel
2 cups black coffee
Midday snack
Maltzogen and mineral supplement
Afternoon snack
4 or 5 slices hard salami
1/4 apple
Diet soda
Lunch
5-ounce hamburger (on bun)
7 French fries
Tall cold tea
Dinner
5 ounces broiled chicken
chicken breast
Lettuce-and-tomato salad, lightly dressed
10 broiled asparagus spears
8 ounces wine
Potassium supplement
Bedtime snack
Small piece cheese
3/4 cup strawberries
Mineral water

—THEODORE GOWEN

APPEARANCES

Take Your Hair on the Road

As attached to our hair as we may be—and we *are*, we hope—many of us find that even if we have hair management down to a science, something goes haywire when we stick our heads under a shower curtain. That's where our hair needs minimum external moisture that makes our hair more supple, so noticeable as a strand of virgin locust. Soft water can make it hard to raise our dampness, leaving us with locks that look like help hanging off a rail.

Masterpiece make-over Robert Craig has come up with the solution: the No More Bad Hair Days travel kit, which has three shampoos—for soft, hard, and extremely hard water—and a spray-on conditioner for good measure. But here's the next part: It includes travel strips. Stick one under the tap and it changes color according to the water's mineral content. You compare that color with the labels on the shampoo and see the one that matches it. Call 800-617-3566 and the kit's yours for twenty bucks.

THE ALTERED BODY

The New Retrofit

SIX PERCENT OF men who get a vasectomy eventually seek a reversal, called a *vasovasostomy*. Now comes good news for those who'd like to gove fatherhood a second shot: a new method that restores sperm flow in 30 percent of men. The previous success rate was around 10 percent.

The new microsurgical technique, pioneered by Dr. Mario Goldstein at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, solves the central problem in reconnecting the severed ends of each vas

deferens. Once it's sewed, the soma end of the vas, under the pressure of the unseparated sperm, swells to their: trace its normal diameter. The tiny abnormal and must therefore be stretched to a size where the ends are reattached.

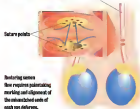
Goldstein's revision involves using a surgical microscope to mark sutures points that precisely align the loose ends of the sperm-carrying duct inside the vas—a duct that, on the normal-size end, is only three times the diameter of a human hair. Accurate alignment of these misratched

ends is crucial to successfully re-establishing the unobstructed passage for the sperm.

The four-hour procedure entails spinal or general anesthesia and costs as much

as \$2,000. And for all that, only 15 percent of men are able to impregnate their partners over the pipes are flowing again. Some of the remainder are agreed by

Undoing a Vasectomy



sperm-studying antibodies have been developed in response to the vasectomy. Sperm obviously exit the body without ever encountering the immune system, but as the body absorbs unswollen sperm, it reacts as if invaded by alien organisms. And once resistance is established, fertility is compromised. Needless to say, a vasectomy should never be undergone without the presumption that it's permanent.

Once you resolve to get a wife, however, there's little real cause for second thought. Fears of a correlation with prostate or testicular cancer have been disproved, and you won't miss the 5 percent of your semen that sperm accounts for. Moreover, a vasectomy is now a fifteen-minute office

procedure. American urologists have adopted the "no-scalpel" vasectomy. Sperm obviously exit the body without ever encountering the immune system, but as the body absorbs unswollen sperm, it reacts as if invaded by alien organisms. And once resistance is established, fertility is compromised. Needless to say, a vasectomy should never be undergone without the presumption that it's permanent.

If the idea of normalizing the standard still isn't making you squirm, sit tight. In a couple of years, urologists will be able to cauterize a bit of the vas with a laser shield through a needle that's inserted into the scrotum. One staying unmarried for you, one dead end for your four hundred million sperm.

—COLIN TRAVIS



alt.therapies

Waiting to Inhale

REBREATHING IT has an ominous ring, suggesting dark rituals and oak-infused incantations. But actually, it's just another new-age healing experience, one in which a practitioner guides you through deep-breathing exercises, allowing you to gulp down billion-dollar amounts of oxygen. The heavy breathing is supposed to enable you to reawaken memories and shed

emotional tensions. Sounds bogus, doesn't it?

My rebreather is Shila (which is Swedish—she's really a Janet). Wilson, Wilson worked in more conventional preventive medicine but was drawn to yoga, meditation, and then, the center of her practice. After one class outside, I lay down shellies on a futon. Wilson gives me some water and warns me that rebreathing may trigger odd sensations, such as twitching,

trembling, or feeling smaller—or big—than I am. Why do I start thinking of oaks labeled KAY ME?

The trick to a good rebreathing "It's about the breath," Wilson explains. "Most people don't breathe with a connected breath. Breathe in and out, in and out, like the waves of the ocean."

So I begin breathing deeply, without pause, all the while suspecting I'm about to go down a rabbit hole. Within a few minutes, I'm fighting off sleep. Then my feet start to drift and twitch violently. Shila's voice, which had seemed harsh, is now soothing. I feel high. Wind stuff is happening. I break into a sweat. I'm hungry.

Meanwhile, Shila encourages me to "be with the discomfort," which I certainly am. I'm flashing back to childhood and seeing disarming images of my family.

Finally, I calm down, and my two hours are up—we're talking serious time warp here.

I'm suspicious that Shila spiked the water, but she insists that my experience is normal, when we breathe intensely, she says, we increase our awareness of suppressed memories. If we were to continue, we would talk more about the traumas that emerged so I could accept and ungrace them.

At home, I wolf down two big sandwiches and put

in a call to writer Tom Robbins, who's been rebreathed thirty times. "Isn't it something?" he says. "It's a great way to get started without side effects."

Robbins is skeptical about the actual psychological benefits of rebreathing and warns me that there are a lot of dangers in the business. But I'm so taken with it that I go back for a second round. Whenever a re-Shila's gift, the oxygen brings something outrageous—it works again. I get another weird high. Just breathing! After all those hours I spent in talk therapy, who'd have thought that simply by breathing twice as fast and twice as deeply, I would have twice as much to talk about!

—GARY STROSS

TREATMENTS

Cyber-Analysis

Is something bugging you? Now you have the option of knocking over your computer keyboard and peeling out what's prying on your mind, then E-mailing it to a psychoanalyst instead of a perky hot line. Yes, the expert members of the Psychoanalytic Consulting Group in New York are offering analysis on the Internet. An inquiry posted to analyst@interact.net sets in motion an e-mail "interchange." Once you've registered (for \$250) and filed set a questionnaire, a board-certified analyst will post you some concerns and questions and invite the "analyst" to respond, reply, yes, ask another. They'll get a weekly psychoanalytic response, along with another set of questions (further sets are \$100 a pop) should your transformer take.

Snake Handling

Sit's 8:00 a.m.-looking. When I see her, my extra body gets loud. The guy was written. "I've known her for a while, and she's always been friendly," he commented, "and now she's no longer spoken for."

"Great," I said. "So make your move." The face darkened. "There's only one problem. The guy she was with."

"Yeah?"

"He's my best friend."

For most of us, the spouses and girlfriends of our buddies, even if they're history, are forbidden fruit in the Garden of Guyanese. But every Eden has its snakes. While most of us suppress the temptation to snake our neighbor's significant other, some succumb. Should we be surprised?

Not really. The slipperiest of snakes for many behaviors—"It just happened!"—actually contains a seed of truth. The Freudian term for the irrational, unconscious, entirely selfish self is the *Lama word* of which we Freud's German is dead, meaning "it"—so is, "It just happened."

Id happens. Despite our tendency to see it as mere, romanticized Eros in full in love with love, so accurately to the bulletin about strangers in the night, eye meeting, fire works shooting off—let's not get carried away. The logic of

love has more to do with logic than Clio and Olympe. Sharmay Hollywood myth about love's fondness probably relies a lesser role in bringing people together than that mantra of Manhattan real estate location, location, location. To paraphrase the Beatles: All you need is convenience.

Let's face it—the biological imperative is not in touch with its feminine side. The trash factor of natural selection is a tip. People couple, marry, or have affairs with whoever happens to be around. And nobody is more "around" than your friends' mates. And because they are your friends' mates, they're charged persons, loaded with psychosocial pull.

For men, a woman's attention may have as much to do with her mate as with her charms. The advanced or feared male may violate our's anatomy intact. Unfortunately, men are especially susceptible to the opinions of other men. "Check out those fat assides," a pal can observe, and his buddy's interest can with a hot-meat is a hamburger's heart beat. Can we really be that shallow? Let me clear that up. No. Our most intense does not spontaneously combust in a vacuum. If I must not gag myself, speculation is true and men want monogamy, not lovers, what significance do father figures play in adultery's oedipal triangle?

Let's review, shall we, Henry Doherty? All kids boys want to marry Mommy. Because scenario: They navigate the oedipal waters successfully and, out of love for Daddy, go out and find their own girls. Later in life, such boys will, out of mature affection for their male friends, announce all close to their friends' mates. But if a boy resists the old man, as is often the case, and never successfully resolves the competition for Mom, that lingering envy can fuel a lust for the mate of his friends/rivals later in life.

Of course, it would never occur to marry a guy to go after a friend's girl. He reactively declines her as an object of desire, desiring her so completely that even a lifetime blood struggle into his name, his grandmother, Mother Teresa. It's called having a conscience. But for some of us, the very taboo on such a lesson leads to an irresponsibility so compelling that we risk everything for our passion, which is only quelled by the scent of danger. And when that cold-blooded impulse, our inner Repulse, cold and sterile, how do we handle the snake?

Okay, if you snare your best friend's wife or girl friend, you should be snared dead. But is it okay to date your best friend's cat? After all, their cohabitation is consensual. And you've already gotten around that awkward getting-to-know-you stage under the sign of friendship. Hey, why not—especially if she comes on to you? Maybe you could discuss it with him first!

No, fool. You haven't got a clue when you're walking into it. She may be using you to get back at her. Assisted adultery can be like assisted suicide. My advice: Run. It's not worth it. Friends on family. It's about it.



ACCESSORIES

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Jeep

THERE'S ONLY ONE

BARRY BONDS FOR PRESIDENT!

He may not be the golden child, but there's no shame in his game



Will Bonds ever remain his in-your-face self?

THE GOOD NEWS IS ALWAYS about Ken Griffey Jr., and the bad news is always about Albert Belle. And all of a sudden, Barry Bonds, who will maybe be panned for panned the best baseball player in the world, has become just another guy in between. He has won

three MVP awards—and really should have had four in a row—at a time when Griffey and Belle are still looking for their first. He has three hundred home runs and three hundred steals in the big leagues, and the only others who ever did that were his father (Bobby Bonds), his godfather (Willie Mays himself), and a marvelous old baseball great named Arde Greenen. Bonds has been a brilliant athlete, one of the most gifted we have. He has also been a notorious badass.

Only now, in his eleventh season, Bonds finds himself in an odd corner of baseball: Junior is considered by many to be the best in the game when he puts on his uniform and turns his cap around backward, people line up and smile. Belle, despite his many talents, makes people dislike and run far cover. However you look at all this, Bonds is no longer the main event.

"I'm not the chosen one," Barry Bonds says during a recent three-game stand in New York. "But I ain't public enemy number one anymore, either."

Indeed, chastising the occasional Bonds outburst seems petty when you have Belle's weekly baseball meltdowns—much the way John McEnroe's tantrums once made Jimmy Connors

seem like a real gentleman on the tennis court. Consider, for example, an incident from earlier this season: Bonds had gotten into a beef with a reporter from USA Today and it ended—depending on whom you believe—with either a shove or a symbolic dismissal with a firm hand on the guy's chest. Now contrast that with Belle's Claude Lemieux-like hit on Milwaukee Brewers second baseman Fernando Velez.

"I'M TELL YOU SOMETHING," Bonds says. "At this stage in my life, in my career, I'm more comfortable with myself than I've ever been. I'm a very happy person, except maybe when I'm in a shaky. I know the truth about myself." "And what would that be?" he is asked.

"I'm a nice guy," he says.

"Just not as nice as Junior."

He laughs, and it makes a big sound in his empty corner of the visitors' clubhouse at Shea Stadium. It is a sound most fans would never associate with Bonds, but suddenly he does not look so rough or feckish. He actually looks younger than his thirty-two years. Looks like almost as much of a baseball kid as Junior.

He is sitting on a folding chair, feet up on a small stool. On the stool is a stack of baseball cards. All Barry Bonds cards. I ask him what he plans to do with these.

"Give them to my son," he says.

"He's six. He doesn't just collect cards, he collects everybody's. Knows how much they're worth, too."

I tell him that even kids collecting cards use money to keep score now in sports, and Bonds laughs again and says, "Why should they be any different from anybody else?"

AT A TIME WHEN NINE IS RUNNING all these television commercials about Junior Griffey running for president,

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CIVIDINI

It is Barry Bonds who should be running for some kind of office in baseball. There have been times in the past when Bonds has done extraordinary things. There was a funny moment for Frankie hitting gloves last season, with Bonds and Cal Ripken, one that ended with Ripken wearing an earring. I ask why he isn't a candidate on the Nike ad.

"Junior's the golden child," Bonds says. "I love him—don't get me wrong, but there's only room for one golden child at a time."

"You were supposed to be that before him," I say. "You were the talented son of a player, and you came first."

"I came first," he says. "It's why I kind of laugh when people compare me to Junior. I want to say, No, no, no, it should be the other way around. Last time I checked, my father couldn't. I was born before he was. I got to the big leagues before he did. I've been doing things."

New Bonds grins. It is his way of declaring that something wondrous is coming. "Junior, some of the other

young guys, they're doing things now. I was already doing ten years ago. And I've got news for you. When they're thirty-two, [I'll still be doing those kinds of things]."

He has never looked for humility, and if you could play ball the way Barry Bonds can, neither would you. But he knows that there is a line he crosses sometimes, the line all great ones cross when they want to tell you all about themselves.

"When you're good," he says, "you're supposed to be humble. Sometimes I think people don't like me because I enjoy being this good too much. You know?"

He sticks the baseball cards of himself neatly on the wall in front of him, as if preparing them for a viewing before the *Guerra-Mesa* game starts.

Barry Bonds tips his chair back against his locker, closes his eyes.

"Once you're stamped as a bad guy," he says kindly, "it's like you can't change people's minds, even if you succeed in it's like cheating on your wife. Even if you never do it again, she'll never let you live it down."

Bonds closes his eyes again and says, "I wonder what it's like to be the golden child."

BARRY BONDS'S BAD-BOY IMAGE came from the newspaper," he has said. "It didn't come from anywhere else." But a quick glance at his top shelf shows that he hasn't exactly been innocent: it's difficult for reporters all these years.

Take the night last April when Bonds made it into the go-go club by hitting a couple of home runs, he got ejected from the game after a dumb argument with the home-plate umpire. It was baseball at its best, especially on a night that was supposed to be about history. On the game last season against the Mets, when Bonds employed a ball in the outfield, doubling it was a home run when it wasn't, and then didn't exactly break any land-speed records going after it. He got booed by a San Francisco crowd, then had this to say afterward. "[The fans] didn't really know what's going on out there. If you're better than me, you can come out there and put my uniform on and do it."

Last, Bonds would say that he spoke out of frustration and that he was upset that day because his son, who was sitting in the stands, had been tarred

by fire about the ugly divorce Bonds and his ex-wife were going through at the time. (This may have read about it. I believe the ex-Mrs. Bonds was asking for enough in alimony and child support to finance the new ballpark the Giants want in San Francisco. With a remarkable roof.) At a time when the sport was trying to win fans back after the athletic strike of 1994, it's just say Bonds's behavior wasn't a public-relations coup for baseball.

NOW, AT 33, BOND'S SAYS, "Listen, I know a lot of what's happened to me in my career is my fault. I understand that I shouldn't have rebelled the way I did early in my career. Maybe I spent too much time worrying about how I was going to live up to what my dad had done, playing ball, and what my grandfather had done."

Then Barry Bonds actually says that. "I would always be thinking, 'Why can't they relate to me? I'm a person, right?'"

I let that one go. Better refusing to chase a bad pitch.

"The only criticism that really bothers me," Bonds says, "is when they say I'm not a team player. Excuse me? I'm sorry, but that's the one that's not true. Because let me tell you something: You hit .300 every season, knock in a hundred runs, score a hundred runs, hit thirty home runs, you're every inch a team player."

"You know what my plan is?" Bonds continues, smiling again. "Just to wear out all the people who like to get down on me. Just wear their shoes out. I want them to be thinking, 'Damn, that Barry just shuts me up every single season. Okay, we still think he's a little arrogant. We still think he's a little flaky. But it's just finally reached the point where we can't say nothing about the boy's ball.'"

"Cause there ain't no shame in my game." He is a better baseball player than his father was, and there were times when Bobby was something to see. Barry Bonds is certainly not Willie Mays, even if he has won more MVP awards. And sure, Junior Griffey will probably hit more home runs before he is through playing, but he will never run the bases the way Bonds does, and his stats will probably never be as good across the board.

So maybe Barry Bonds is reaching the point in a sports career when he really does start to worry about his

place in history, how he will be remembered. It is a concern many of the great have before they are through. It is an obsession with some. There is always the General like about batters who try to change what can only be described as RBI won't end the ends of careers. "He said hello when it was time to my goodbye."

There is still a lot of his career in front of him. There is plenty of time for Barry to bond a little with his public. Plenty of time for him to rewrite his own cast, just as Michael

Jordan did by coming back to basketball. Jordan came back, I believe, in part because he knew he could go one better than he did the first time. Barry Bonds can, too, if he is willing.

It is almost time to go out and play against the Mets. He grins, places his Barry Bonds baseball cards in his locker and puts on his uniform and his Giants cap. He is asked one last question. "Do you care how you're going to be remembered?"

"Everybody does," Barry Bonds says quietly. "Even bad boys." ■

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



Carlton is lowest

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



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Gary Hall's work clothes now available for play.

SPEEDO 
 Dreams that winners are made of

music company—held together with what now totals an estimated \$7 billion in debt—will surely be remembered as the coup de grace for the whole balcony-rail theory.

But one smaller loss, Time Warner's far less stock price is a deafening reaction of Gould Levin himself, whose four-year tenure as CEO has been marked by steady deterioration in virtually any measure of performance one can apply to a company. The company's debt burden hasn't declined, as he promised it would, but has actually grown—though much of the increase is hidden in tricky accounting maneuvers like the very partnership deal that now has U.S. Wax at Levin's throat. Meanwhile, the company's equity per share has collapsed, its operating losses have ballooned, and its annual report to the SEC, which has needed so a streptococcal strep of hand-picked pages, is filled with gibberish about "vast notes," "discreet debentures," "liquid yield option notes," and on and on. That document, a 206-page, is literally twice as

thick as the *Monthes* phone directory. When Cybernet Data Systems, a company that supplies Wall Street with SEC filings, removed the report for this story, a look on editor's desk just to print it cost.

In fact, Levin has created such a god-awful mess that not even his departure would do much to change things. He has allowed infighting within the company's various divisions to reach grotesque proportions. In 1994, the chairman of the music division, Mo Ostin, was dismissed following a nasty struggle with rival Robert Morgado. Morgado soon fell to quarreling with one of his rivals, Doug Morris, and Levin settled the issue by dismissing Morgado and replacing him with his own most-trusted aide, HBO chief Michael Pacheco. Morgado left with a key position. Not long after that, Pacheco fired Morris, and, to top it all off, Levin fired Pacheco, the company's most talented cable programmer. Pacheco, who reportedly got away with \$10 million, will no doubt follow in the footsteps of Morris

and others, landing a juicy job with a real company. In Pacheco's case, that could mean heading a Hollywood studio and cranking up production deals to eat the lunch of every movie HBO's got in the pipeline. Smart move!

Levin stayed in his exalted position at the top of Time Warner in a boardroom coup that he personally engineered to oust Nick Nicholas, who would have succeeded the late Steve Ross, the first chairman of the combined companies. Nicholas had made himself uncomfortable by casting a cold eye on the grand caprice-building schemes of the tycoonists. So why hasn't the board ousted Levin and brought back Nicholas or whomever is someone new? A recently departed insider who had attended every board meeting answers accurately: "The board's embarrassed. They made a mistake in dismissing Nick, and they all know it. So far, Levin would be to admit their mistake." ■

Christopher Ryan can be reached via E-mail at CRYAN@att.net.

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AUGUST 1998 / ESQUIRE 53

NORMAN MAILER SEARCHING FOR DELIVERANCE



Imagine a nation in which the Right and the Left unite to combat the unchecked power of corporate America and the craven accommodations of Bill Clinton's Boutique Politics. That time could yet come, says the author, who finds Patrick J. Buchanan an authentic populist and a most unlikely soul mate in the pursuit of a radical new society.

A Political Encounter

PERHAPS IT CAN BE SAID THAT CLOSE TO FIFTY YEARS OF the cold war had to go by before Patrick J. Buchanan and Norman Mailer could speak to each other through a long silence.

Since it was Norman Mailer who sought the interview, we may as well begin with the mover. He was approaching a conservative as far to the right as Pat Buchanan. Why? The answer, clear to hand, is that during the Republican primary in New Hampshire, Buchanan had spoken out as a conservative but as a left-conservative. Since Mailer had for years been assuming that he was the only left-conservative in the land, he now had the curious pleasure of discovering that he was half of a two-man band. Of course, the novelist, by his own measure, was two-thirds left and one-third conservative, whereas Buchanan had to be, at quick estimate, three-quarters conservative. Nonetheless, some agreement might be found. Mailer had become so convinced, so enraptured, by what was happening in the governing Congress, and the Clinton administration that he had been ready to run in the Democratic primary for president. He had actually seen himself working through New Hampshire in the fall of '90 and the winter of '91. He would campaign without money, without a staff. Perhaps a skeleton staff. Of course, he would have a sense-of-ecstasy-to attract some media attention, and he was not modest about the force of the ideas he would introduce while campaigning against Bill Clinton.

Nonetheless, he was no recognizable grail of presidential timber. His wife made it plain. In quiet tones he had come to know all too well—the steel in the voice of a soft-spoken southern woman is as palpable as the cutting edge of a Damascus blade—in wife promised that she would leave him if he dared to declare. She was furious that he saw it as a conceivable idea. Worst—as a breath of fresh air? For the nation? Considering that this was an age to uncover the darkest secret on each candidate's life, the author had pursued himself enjoying the game. The best seemed not to be a woman, a brilliant analyst against my second wife. The best seemed to be every woman I dared about. Goodness and ladies of the press. Do your worst! I've broken through the media barrier. There's nothing to make me in the dust.

It was a speech he could utter as the lively if prelate amphibian of his mind, but he knew his wife was not without reason. The glare generated by the feeding frenzy of the media would blind the public to every political insight he hoped to offer. The real substance of his thought, such as it was, could only be injured by a candidacy. It was the American presidency after all. As soon could the Marques de Sade have prepared himself for the pussy.

Indeed, Mailer no longer had the simple strength to campaign. He was seventy-three years old, and running for office called for exertion. Even a mediocre politician who could bring off a successful candidacy was entitled to respect, as much respect as one would give a mediocre but nonetheless professional athlete. When he had run for mayor during the New York City primaries in the course of 1965—and that was more than twenty-five years ago—he had discovered by the middle of a three-month campaign that he had dwindled, he was, by that point, only half as good as when he'd commenced. The run of him had been consumed by endless campaigning through eighteen-hour workdays. Whenever one took off even an hour in the course of an uphill campaign, one lost a few good votes. You had neglected to visit

one more place. At the end of the day, you died. There was equal to gasoline. The demands of a campaign were insurmountable. As soon got into condition for a three-month fight as for a three-month campaign. By 1995, twenty-six years later, he came to realize that he was, replaceable, replaceable, too old. Too old to run again. So he would not try to recall himself in the inevitable shade of Eugene McCarthy's corpse sloughing against Lyndon Johnson in 1968. He would not go up to New Hampshire to campaign against Clinton. His wife was right. The reputation was hapless and the energies, by his own measure, too limited.

Yet it grieved at his opinion of himself that Clinton's nomination in 1996 would not be consoling. Having belonged to the legion of enthusiasts for Bill and Hillary in '92, he had been hopeful that the candidate and his wife would help to bring forth a new era for a nation addicted, by the end of the cold war, to a host of foul habits. Before long, he had been bitterly disappointed. Clinton soon demonstrated a molasses malleability to draw a line in the sand. There had not been a single idea for which the new president seemed ready to risk the risk of political death. At first, he had considered his presidential personality in a facile and ill-considered action of bringing gay men openly into the military, a whole failure to comprehend that the military was the greatest institution known to humankind for developing rites of sacramental ritual bonding—the final decade, so to speak, against homosexuality itself.

From the outset, how were the male Americans, therefore, who did not know that we had a new leader who was psychically blind, or amine, or egregiously vain? This attempt to repair Clinton's reputation for good judgment that the Republicans were encouraged to recognize that they could defeat a universal-headline bill of which the country was much in need, even if the corporate cohort of the Republicans had found it stomach to their higher-level profits.

Clinton soon seemed to become too many things to too many professions, professions, pro-life, pro-gay, pro-choice, pro-choice, pro-family values, pro-Hollywood, even pro-corporate-business to the degree they would accept him, if it came to it, and it would, he would be pro-military, pro-union. What were the first elements of incoherence?

It certainly had to be said. Bill was, by now, bedded down with every special-interest group in the Democratic party and with a good fraction of the opposition—a species of political dithering that Mailer had come to call Postage Politics. Clinton had not stirred a navigable course. Instead, the vessel of the Democratic party was bedeviled. Separate berths of men, situated upon by separate cabotages of galleys driven in the White House pulled in opposite directions. Where were the guys to be found who would pool resources with blacks? Or vice versa? And everyone knew that the leader was not going to die for a political idea unless it was pro-choice. There, he had no choice. Female libertarians would dismember Bill Clinton if he wavered. Indeed, it was here, the only matter on which he had not compromised with the Republicans.

The Second Government

OF COURSE, THE TRANSITION OF CLINTON'S ADMINISTRATION was but in part his fault. With the end of the cold war, the United States had lost an essential purposed fiction,

precisely that dramatic myth that had supported the well-being of the American system for forty-five years. We had to have an empire as our enemy, and it had been invaluable to us. What a shock for the system to discover by the end of the cold war that this evil empire was but a poor thing—a Third World country—that needed our economic support to prevent a descent into chaos.

The abrupt disappearance of this once-transcendent fiction helped to produce a distrust of our government so profound that many a militia patriot was ready to fight the RIF down to the last man. Paranoia being a state of imbalance that lives on absolute assertions, the militia, in company with some sizable number of Americans, had come to believe that the federal government was engaged in a worldwide plot to lard America over to international bankers. Indeed, the International Monetary Fund was giving no hint to the Russians.

Our amiable candidate suspected, however, that the militia was mistaking the American government for another force that might be dominating our lives more closely. The fed, after all, were a juggle of highly separated institutions, bureaucratic milks, and grassroots excursions, and I let know how they act and currently appease the average American in a thousand if not a million ways.

Yet on reflection, it is hard to conceive of the federal government as owning so purposeful a will that it could in any first-order concept master our best and most appropriate name for the source of the phenomenon—corporate—last to be technology with its half-compatible points, the U.S. government and the U.S. corporation. And of the two, it was the corporation (if you were willing to detect an invisible force able to control your life despite yourself) that looked to be the likelier villain.

After all, the federal government was always under examination. Monitored by the cold and viral eye of Congress and by the opportunistic eye of the media, it was always under scrutiny, whereas the Corporation, which has itself been so capitalized (for it is a Second Government), could sequester itself from inquiry with rebuffs of lawyers and swarms of massive bribes. Within its worldwide net, a bundle of secrets worked like lightning to generate money.

So for decades, the increasing scale, the Corporation has been successful in influencing, corrupting, mistaking, and overmastering the youth of America. Indeed, the Communist party of the Soviet Union had never been remotely as successful at subverting us young. Any young Russian with wit or vision felt could ignore communist propaganda in his private life, mock it, repudiate it. Not only had Soviet attempts at brainwashing been heavy, absurdly heavy, but—fill amuse!—unsuccessfully unadvised.

The U.S. Corporation, however, had flooded America with plastic from the cradle to the grave, it had veiled architecture of its art by building huge, faceless office buildings and/or high-rise condominiums that proceeded to destroy the faces of our cities. It had inundated all the narrow corners of the American psyche with television. It had helped to spread our sense of the past. And the need of the present to make what it needs, had long needed our personal lives. Advancing perceived the clock of our days.

Mailer could never recognize that he hated this Second Government, the Corporation, with something like the same intensity that the militia brought to their passion against the U.S. government.

The Populist on the Hoof

ONTO THIS STAGE OF THE AMERICAN MIND ENTERED Buchanan in the Republican pantheon of '64. He was early in Louisiana, comes in second in Iowa, and then proceeds to thrive in New Hampshire. Moreover, Buchanan is acting in much the way Mailer had expected to carry himself if he had run. He is being himself. He is saying, "Here am I with my quick wit and my caustic tongue, my abject laugh and my political passion and my grief. I haven't been prepared in advance for you, first-labeled and mislabeled by political technicians. I'm a brilliant boy with a lot of faith, but I'm here on the hoof, and you can take an honest look at me."

Buchanan had joined in New Hampshire. There had been an energy in his campaign, an off-the-cuff vivacity one had not seen in years. While what he had remained for the most part ultraconservative, right to life, pro-NRA, and he called for forces to keep on illegal immigrants, he also kept after the Corporation like an attack dog. Its loyalty, he told all who would listen, was no longer to America but to money.

His crowd loved him. There was a subtext to all he was saying, and it was ultrapolitical. "Widow," declared this subtext, "is not to be found in the thick ranks of the reform but in the exposure of the people."

Soon enough, Mailer began to play with the idea of doing an interview with Buchanan. He could prove easily, however, to the hard-nosed cynicism of the author, days Buchanan had experience for years, and the first was Ronald Reagan.

Mr. Buchanan's raids on the sanctity of the Corporation might be a whisper call to some kind of new politics. For years, Mailer, dressing of a left-right coalition, had known it must start on the Right. People on the Right, oriented to the commercial, were suspicious, angry. Most of their ideas were based in terms based, whereas people on the Left were more flexible, more—so could be said—more desperate in their political isolation. Right, they were more ready to take on a new idea. At the best, one could explore the possibilities. World Buchanan, for example, he inclined to a serious desire in military order. All the other corners of Mailer's good political eye—military support for the sick and the elderly, the restoration of the environment, welfare, some honest revision of welfare, a reduction of the deficit, even a reduction of the hatred between black and white—could be as part resolved by downgrading the Pentagon.

Of course, when it came to politics, Mailer knew that he was part of the ongoing revolt of the majority of Americans. At the age of seventy-three, he was still looking for hope in outlandish places. To think that Buchanan, who had made this case starting move to the left, could be the harbinger, if not the protagonist, of a profound realignment in American politics was naive indeed. Yet Mailer was weary into the grinding gear of his soul with the onerous, widely condemnatory politics of the American Left and the American Right. Neither spoke of the other enough to succumb to an argument, and all the while, concluding on their mutual enemies, the Corporation, they engaged love of greed while making in anachronism of appropriation. So, too (on TV), had Bushnell Roman, crusader of hard-latching conservatism for the people.

It was time to have a dialogue between Right and Left. Might there be some potential for agreement? If Mailer were

to talk to Buchanan, however, it must not be with a set of preformed media stereotypes of the man. He would not be there to talk Buchanan for being loyal to Larry Pratt of the Gun Owners of America nor to assume he was anti-Semitic; no, much more media baggage would make their dialogue mutually full-scale and sterile. On the contrary, if he wished to place a new point of view, he would have to take Buchanan on his own terms and assign as much purpose to the dialogue as he gave to his own ideas.

Besides, Mailer was intrigued by the political possibilities in the military sense and where was any pleasure to be found in corporate cynicism without a military analog?—Buchanan, he had anchored his right flank on pro-life. Moreover, he had made death, could never be acceptable. His right-wing credentials, therefore, Buchanan was first to move as far as he wished to the left, the economic left, the Corporation could now be attacked from the left and the right. A crucial difference. No political force could ever prevail against the Corporation if it could move forward on only one flank or the other, it would soon be opposed by the other wing brought along quickly to join ranks with the center (exactly what happened in the election rounds against Goldwater in '64 and McGovern in '72). The Corporation, moments of the left, could be deployed only if both ends attacked in combination. Left-conservative! For forty-five years, it had been no more than an acronym. Now, with Buchanan, there was a gleam of possibility, all it is no more than a wink, but the possibility was there. How far to the economic left was Buchanan willing to go?

The 45 Degree Angle

THREE WEEKS AFTER BUCHANAN'S LAST REPORT AGAINST THE LEFT in California, the interviewer's tactics, having proceeded outward along the verdant south bank of the Potomac for some four or five miles, came to the first crest at Mettane. After a short stretch on a suburban road, the driver deposited him at five minutes to two in the driveway by the side of Buchanan's house, a large two-story house painted white with high white columns in front of a long but narrow veranda.

The door was opened by a maid whom Mailer took to be Hapner—her name, he learned, was Galle—and he was left alone for a few minutes in the library, a dark-paneled room with two facing sofas, a large square coffee table, and a fireplace. On the mantel were a small case of an American eagle and a small case of a tiger, mostly striped. Between them, on the wall, was oil painting of two lions. The several hundred books on the shelves were political and/or historical. He noticed the works of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and William Manchester together with those of William Bennett and William Safire, which constituted the modern canon that if one would one's son to be a literary fellow, one

could do worse than to name him William. He would then share memorabilia to memory with William Shakespeare, William Faulkner, William Styron, William Faulkner, Thackeray, William Carlos Williams!

Enough of such trifles! Mailer decided to take a quick look at the adjacent living room, which was long and airy, had many windows, and looked to have been furnished earlier by Mrs. Buchanan or an interior decorator, for it revealed a nicely staged set of contrasts in pale green.

Buchanan came into the library shortly after this brief overview. He was taller than he appeared to be on television, perhaps six feet, and his weight was trim. They shook hands, and, after a moment or two of mutual recollection of Chicago in the summer of 1960 (where they had both been in the same group of shocked and startled colonists on the tenth-floor of the Hilton, looking down on Michigan Avenue when Mayor Daley's police proceeded to beat the demonstrators), they now sat on the sofa, right next to the coffee table, not quite twenty-nine years later, and began to talk.

They had met again a few times at the anniversary years, once in a Washington, restaurant sometime in the eighteen and again in a corner of the Astorhouse in Houston during the Republican convention of 1964. Most to mail, face to face, Mailer liked Buchanan well enough. Given the fragmentary basis of these brief meetings, Buchanan looked to have bawler, your heart would not sink if he turned out to be the passenger who sat next to you on a long flight.

All the same, Mailer was under no illusion that they would begin with a great deal in common. As part of his preparation for the interview, he had read Buchanan's account of his youth and young manhood, *Right from the Beginning*. Published in 1961, the book portrayed Buchanan as much to the right of Richard Nixon and somewhat to the right of Donald Reagan. He had certainly been filled with the neo-classical assumptions of the most devout Catholics of the 1950s, that conservatism whose roots had so permeated into the faithful that there was joy in the thought that one was waging war for God, Church, America, and Freedom.

At least eight years had gone by, however, since Buchanan had finished writing that book. How much, then, had changed in the last decade? Not much, one could surely have thought at first. They both sat on high-backed upholstered chairs about six feet apart, and Buchanan sat his body at a 45 degree angle away from his interviewee, as they did not often meet. Mailer, who liked to lean forward in conversation, felt as if they were speaking to each other across a space of water.

On the other hand, Buchanan still had to be weary of

MAILER'S FEELING IS THAT BUCHANAN'S FUTURE IS IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

the rigors of campaigning. Few define her into one so thoroughly as a final lion at the polls. To campaign with heart is to be decimated by defeat. Once she emerges as an underdog as by rejection in Iowa. Strong there, Buchanan

Lock and Load

NORMAN MAILER: I followed your campaign in New Hampshire and enjoyed their hell out of it. Hearing had that small dip in the water again; when I ran for mayor of New York in the primary back in 1979, I think I know a little about a candidate's inside feelings at the middle of a race. So I started following your ups and your downs. In New Hampshire, it was mostly ups, but afterward there were a few downs that I laughed at, because I had done worse things when I ran. I refer specifically to the time you were wearing a black cowboy hat and you held a rifle aloft out of sheer joy. I hope now I recognized it. This guy is happy now.

NORMAN BUCHANAN: We were in Arizona, right after New Hampshire. We were at a gun show.

ME: And you were on a rail.

ME: We were on a rail. There was a lot of enthusiasm after New Hampshire.

ME: Yes. How could there not be?

ME: We had started in Arizona in single digits, and we kept building in the polls. We did not go over the top, if we had, I think we might have won the nomination. But there's three reasons we didn't. One, absentee ballots. Forbes and Dole had thousands of absentee ballots already cast, where we had only a very percentage. Second, Forbes spent four million in Arizona, unaccounted, which is forty dollars a vote. And third, Dole put in half a million dollars in state ads as we were staying.

I don't know if we could have won it, but clearly, if we had, we would have gone much larger.

ME: I believe New Hampshire changed attitudes in the Republican establishment from "Buchanan is worse-case as hell" to "Buchanan must be stopped at all costs."

ME: We were under siege attack. That's why we felt confident afterward. We felt they had thrown pretty much everything they were going to throw at us in those last five days in New Hampshire, and we had overcome it.

But I did say in my victory speech, "We no longer have the elements of surprise." You know, don't wait for the sound of their power—they're coming.

ME: The feeling I had, something

lives all on TV, was that something happened behind the scenes. There's a kind of closing of ranks in the establishment that I've witnessed many times in my life and never quite understood. I don't really know how it works. I don't know that anyone does, except the few who do it. But there were a point where Dole's campaign, which had not been effective, became so after Arizona. That means a great many markers were being pulled in.

ME: I think you're exactly right. People asked me, "Who is the greater danger, Lester or Dole?" and I said, "It's Dole. Dole has the establishment, and they'll all move behind him." And you're right. I'm of the view it was orchestrated. The corporate establishment is threatened by what we're doing.

ME: Well, there, precisely, is where I became interested. I thought you are certainly one of the most respected and respected, especially conservatives in the country. So you started the most radical set of remarks that any political candidate for the Democratic or Republican parties has spoken in years. You were saying that a large part of our problem is the American corporation.

ME: The truth is, I used to believe Charlie Wilson when he would say, "What's good for General Motors is good for America." In the fifties, 60 percent of their employees were Americans; they were the highest-paid industrial workers in the world. But when General Motors argued it was no longer in business, it was no longer in business to move its main factory to Mexico and take it out of Michigan, then what's good for General Motors is no longer good for America.

When these corporations see that the advancement of their bottom line means getting out of these costly American work and moving to Singapore or Mexico or China, where they can cut their labor costs by 50 or 75 percent, then what's good for corporate America is no longer good for America.

This could be the death of the Republican party if it continues to carry water for these corporations.

ME: All right. This is our area of agreement. But it seems to me—and because I had come in as a presidential candidate, the mayor said, "Why do you come here?" They're only two Republicans in the whole town." They were

reluctant, but they loved what we were saying about the corporations.

So our problem in that A significant slice of our coalition is in the Democratic party. Where Democrats could vote in Republican primaries, we did lose. A significant slice is Republican. The best way to get that all together, we believe, was to capture the Republican nomination and then reach out to those three voters and their grassroots. Democrats and me. "We are populist, conservative, traditional, and we are against big government, big corporations, America first, and we're running against the establishment."

Our problem is, Republicans tend to be lobbyists. When we ran against George Bush in 1992, the primary in New Hampshire, 80 percent of the New Hampshire Republicans and they agreed with me, not with George Bush. But they would not go against the presumptive leader of the party. That's what Richard Nixon had going for him. He's our major leader. And it's very very hard from a third-party standpoint to pull away these Republicans who are loyal to the party. They're very good people. The party is strong. The problem is the establishment in Washington. Can you overcome and duplicate the establishment? Or at least do just enough, too discernible?

ME: I have on to go to grid my feeling in that your future is in the Democratic party. I do see it as the other political arm of the Corporation, the minor political arm, but all the same, the party is closer to that huge mass of Americans who don't like grid.

ME: Let us see you tell us, Norman. In Louisiana, I spoke at the library is a little town about fifty miles outside of Lake Charles, over near Texas. The mayor introduced me and gave me the key to the city and let me know they were cheering, yelling. And as I was leaving, he said, "I had come in as a presidential candidate, the mayor said, 'Why do you come here?' They're only two Republicans in the whole town." They were

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ME: But the key problem—and you stated it clearly—is, if you leave the Republican party, many of those people will not vote for you, no matter how sympathetic they are.

ME: Yes. And you have to take a look at the possibility that you're not a third party but a fourth or fifth or sixth party. You've got the Libertarians there and Ralph Nader and Ross Perot.

BUCHANAN: YOU'RE EXACTLY RIGHT. THE CORPORATIONS ARE NOT GOING TO LET GO OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

ME: Becoming a Democrat opens up something extraordinary, however. One of the issues bearing the Democratic party now is that this country is a Christian country—not a Judeo-Christian country but a Christian country, first and foremost.

ME: [laughing] That part you are right, Norman.

ME: [laughing] Being Jewish, I probably can afford to say it's a Christian country. One small advantage to being Jewish.

But here's my point. The average Democratic congressman who dares to invoke the name of Jesus Christ is doomed.

ME: [laughing] Go on.

ME: The president can be a practicing Christian—he can go to church and invoke the name of God—but the average urban white Democratic congressman certainly cannot. The result is that the Republicans have picked up a great many Democratic voters whose religious faith is more important to them, finally, than their politics. It has been true for a long time. The more you are true to the same thing, the more you are true to the same thing. The more you are true to the same thing, the more you are true to the same thing. The more you are true to the same thing, the more you are true to the same thing.

For more economic justice, at the same time, reintegrating some sense of the spirit would be enormous. What you're up against, and I will say this over and over, is, I can't conceive of the Corporation ever letting go of the power they have in the Republican party.

ME: You're exactly right. The corporations are not going to let go. But we had almost taken over Almond, the points man in Arizona. If we had been through there, it might have carried us over the top in Georgia. One week after Georgia came Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, Oregon, Texas, Oklahoma. That's Super Tuesday.

ME: You would have had a chance at Super Tuesday?

ME: Georgia was the key southern state. If we'd beaten Dole there, the whole South would have been up for grabs. All you needed was New Hampshire was to go over the top in Arizona and swing Georgia—but it didn't happen.

ME: That's the kind of thing that has guys standing at the bar all twenty years later.

ME: I'm not that type. [laughing.] You think I shouldn't have put the gun over the head?

ME: You had to, it's part of your character. You believe in rejecting after victory.

A Worn-out Palooka

THROUGHOUT ALL OF THIS, THE CANDIDATE kept trying at the same as degree single issue. But you know, it's the most beautiful of what could have been the more his mood seemed to improve. After a pause while Mieder turned the tape over, Buchanan agreed to change the string. Now they lived each other across a chain table whose grooves were clean off to make way for the tape recorder. The chess set, Buchanan remarked, had been a gift from his wife. Bethel redacted forced Revolutionary nationalism on the board.

By now, Mailer had come to the conclusion that Buchanan said only what he wanted to say. He was a seasoned politician, he was a pro. Nor could you make too much of his body language. Buchanan could have agreed to the change in their setting as a reluctant country or because he, too,

felt more comfortable. Mailer, therefore, decided that he was not going to offer descriptions of each of the candidate's moves. He did not wish to ascribe significance to body language that was probably well within Buchanan's choice.

Mailer would, however, indicate when they laughed. In this sense, Buchanan's sense of humor was like the gleam in the eye of a good boxer who will not only take pleasure in leading his fight but is also ready to gain from an unexpected blow. One has just learned something. So Buchanan would laugh as heartily as points scored against him as at those in his favor. Mailer, having something of the same disposition on this matter, laughed in the same way.

All the same, their shift in position had made it easier to take. Mailer decided to risk a first radical phrase.

ME: I don't mind if some people write twenty or thirty times as much as others, but I don't think the race should be five hundred to one. That breeds all sort of social disease.

PH: If middle-class and working-class folks were seeing a steady increase in their standard of living as they did in the fifties and early sixties, I don't think people would pay much attention to someone making a lot of money but they do if they're dipping themselves. You look at some of these corporate executives. When their companies do badly, their incomes remain astronomical. There's a secret that an enormous amount of rip-off is going on. The return is as no way justified.

ME: And the products are not getting better.

PH: Right. The products are not getting better. I think it causes the national-elitist contempt of the capitalists. Essentially, what will create any contempt of the system. We're getting to the point where the big corporations are being run as increasingly unresponsive. It is a new era, but most of the Republican party at the national level is still very much a cold-war party. It can't let go. It misses the Soviet empire, all the cold-war paraphernalia.

ME: Would you agree that the cold war gave a first ride? We had an essay. That essay was golden material.

PH: It made everything easy. It provided clarity.

ME: But at a huge cost. Because it was a drug. Absolutely a drug, that cold war. Here, you may disagree profoundly—but I think the cold war was over twenty years before it ended.

PH: People watched Jimmy Carter talk about, 'We've gotten over our "in-

even' over Mozambique. He bled the spirit dry. It was a gradual and conservative process, and I think he built up America's defense establishment until he finally broke them. And it collapsed.

ME: Well, I could put it another way: mainly. The Soviets were a warm-war palooka by ago. They knew in their bones it wasn't working anymore. The biggest national shift in my life was to go to Russia in 1964 for the first time. I came back to America to see that I've ever been in the country. It's one thing to visit a war with an ideological foe. It's another to inquire yourself economically to the point where every Republican and every Democrat is now saying, 'We have to take care of our children's children, we have to reduce the debt.' That debt was tripled by Reagan in order to accomplish all this.

PH: At least the Soviet Union is no more. Two great empires, one of them responsible for the national debt. One is the Great Society—which failed. And the other is the cold war—that succeeded. The cold war, we were.

ME: I'd say we didn't win it. We were just a rash bank holding up a poor bank.

PH: In a way, we did. We bankrupted them.

ME: As huge cost to ourselves.

PH: Economies cost to ourselves, there's no doubt about that.

ME: And we're paying for that cost now as a lack of faith in government, as a sense of outrage.

PH: You know, the one thing I think the Americans people do believe is that we did win. People ask me: Can you name one good thing that government has done? So, we won the cold war.

ME: Well, I try to take that away.

PH: Look, Norman, look, it seems to me I was there with Nixon, remember, as ago, '73. '74. The United States lost the Vietnam War, or at least, the West lost the Vietnam War. The deconstruction of the United States in the aftermath was inevitable. I believed, generally, at the end of the ages that we were in danger of losing the cold war.

ME: There we disagree. The Soviets didn't have a weapon. Under Stalin, it

was a great threat. He, no question, was smart. An evil empire, if you will, back to the fifties. But I think Khrushchev alleviated the worst Soviet straits to a considerable degree.

If America had gone through several revolutions and several overthrows of government, and had had a hideous system for over fifty years and an incredible war in which twenty million people were killed and another twenty million spent over several decades in prisons and camps, how much will it take to get the country where so many people were depressed as in Russia in 1914. You were there earlier than I was, and you are the same thing: that prodigious depression. When you have a country where everyone is down that low, it is not about to wage a major war. They know by then that they certainly didn't have the staff to conquer the world.

PH: Eurocommunism was a very big thing in the late ages. I think Ronald Reagan really provided the leadership, the philosophical offensive, the economic offensive, the Reagan Doctrine. The Soviet Union collapsed without firing a shot, and it was a philosophical victory for the West.

Now, it could have been over-estimated, although I don't think we overestimated how among they were militarily.

ME: Well, that's arguable. They couldn't even win in Afghanistan.

PH: One of the reasons is we provided Spanish mortars and Stinger missiles. I think Reagan made the Soviet Union pay a hellish price for its empire.

ME: Would you agree that we, too, paid a great price for the cold war?

PH: Oh, we paid an enormous price.

ME: Not only economically. Spiritually. For four decades. We assumed that we had an enemy who was dangerous, lethal, godlike, and evil. All our hatred—and a lot of hatred—was in this country—was focused on those Soviets. I've said this many times, and I'll use it again. We were all like war flang in the same magnetic field. With rare exceptions, we all pointed in the same direction. And when the war ended, when the cold war ended, it was like you threw a switch. This magnetic field no longer existed. The flang began to scatter. But the hatred was still there.

America has been more divided in the last four or five years than at any

time I can recall. Everybody is hating everybody. Hating your enemy is no longer as comfortable as it used to be. For politicians, the Soviet Union had been available. It was like having a dependable mother-in-law; the one you can blame for everything.

PH: I think there was a genuine feeling in this country, and it was valid, that we had a mortal enemy outside the gates, and it took a measure of unity and solidarity to face this enemy. Suddenly, the enemy is gone. So we go back into the house and all the old divisions that caused blood the thrust have now come to the surface.

I think what happened in the conservative movement is that a lot of us have gone home to where we came from—the idea that America ought not to be an empire. That we ought to tend to our own business and stop meddling in other countries' affairs. We are that the war is over. We ought to come home, research, repair, regenerate, and rebuild our own country, our own nation. All right. Some conservatives have been seduced in Eastern Europe. But I think the serious question that must be not what the earlier case was. It doesn't have the spiritual hold on anyone. It's no longer, quite frankly, a threat to the United States of America. The United States ought to take a look at the world as it is. The potential threats and resources to American security are very, very fine, and they're very far away. I think we ought to be a normal country in a normal time. Look, if Russia says again, it's not going to look around for an enemy halfway around the world. It's mainly going to be a threat to its neighbors. I don't think the United States ought to counterbalance them with military force or hot war or blockade or all-out war. I would say to the Russians that we know you can invade the Baltic republics and Poland. There's nothing we can do about it militarily. You can overcome them in two days. But if you do, here's what's going to happen. You'll be diplomatically isolated, you'll be politically isolated, you're probably going to force massive movements in Western Europe, which we will want. You're going to be alone in the world. You're going to have problems with the Islamic world, which we're not going to help you with. You'll lose the hostility of Western Europe, which we're not going to help you with. You're probably going to have the hostility of China and Japan

You will be friendless on the earth. Why are you going to do it? Why are you going to establish an empire that you people had to give up because it was bankrupt and the people hated you? Do you want to remain friends with the United States? There is no racial or cultural barrier between Russia and America or between the Russian people and the American people. Why create one?

But I wouldn't fantasize then with war. It's ridiculous. It's ridiculous.

ME: As a part of the Republican party and the conservative party will say, 'We've got to go to the crusade for global disarmament. The great enemy now is Islamic fundamentalism.' And a lot of us are saying, 'Look, this new we don't go. That's not our war. Our war's over.' Republican conservatives have to give up their global empire and all the security arrangements, all the treaties, all the troops in all the countries overseas.

ME: You're willing to reduce the size of the Pentagon?

PH: Surely I think that's right. I believe the United States should remain a superpower, but not the superpower of the world, and we have to have the first fighting men in the world, but you don't need a hundred miles of American troops sitting in the middle of Germany, guarding a border that doesn't exist against an enemy who were home ten years ago. Eventually, the South Korea, who are twice as populous and have as much the economy of North Korea, have to take full responsibility for their own defense. I think the United States should confine its treaty commitments to air and naval power. We're not going to put a single army on the ground in Southeast Asia.

ME: So you are saying that we don't need a military organization which attempts to control the affairs of countries all over the world?

PH: Now that the cold war is over, Europe is as prosperous as we are. It has more people than we do. It is technologically advanced. There is no reason why Europeans cannot handle the defense of Europe themselves. We aren't the Romans protecting an empire. I think if we're going to become normal, we should be coming home soon.

A Tiny, Tiny Victory

WHA, THERE WAS NO OTHER presidential candidate who was ready to downsize the [continued on page 116]

MAILER: GRENADA FOR GOD'S SAKE! BUCHANAN: YOU ARE MISTAKEN. IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY



Just say 'Hi! Thordby lies with one of his ever-present stress-ball balloons.

Leary's Last Trip

From on-the suicide to frozen brains: the final, freaky days. By Douglas Rushkoff

THAT'S PROBABLY THE WORST PLACE to have those," Timothy Leary blurts at a beautiful young assistant. She clears a pile of videocassettes from the path of his eccentric, electric wheelchair. He stops short. "What are they, anyway? The purple-haired girl rolls off the labels.

"None, babe, some documentary." "Susan gave me those, you know," Leary says, referring to longtime friend Susan Sternstein. He's been smuggling her the special promotional tape sent to Academy members. "Take whatever you want. I've seen them all already."

"Oliver Stone's best," the assistant reminds him, fingering the small silver box in her palm. "Out on the porch."

"I know that," Tim says, as if he doesn't care. "See... let's go." With a hand bandaged from bleeding cancer scars, Leary numbly manipulates the chair's joystick. It sounds like someone through a straw-like bedroome and into the powder-blue, first-farthered corridor that leads to the rest of his rented Beverly Hills home. Paintings that won't fit on the walls lie on the floor, plastic, mirrors, and fabric cover every other surface, even the windows. The house is a fluorescent, neon-lit labyrinth into the sunny living room.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" he shouts to his assembled guests: the movie director, two movie stars, some old Harvard pals, a rock musician, and three psychonauts waiting for disheveled messengers. They're drinking Leary's wine, smoking his pot, or holding on to something they want him to sign, or otherwise legitimize. Everybody but Stone and a psychologist expert from the Bay Area (sharp in conversation about a crack in the dashboard of Kennedy's limousine) breaks off what he's doing and turns to Leary, crown jewel of a waning psychedelic empire.

A young stranger is the first to greet him, bowing down and psychotomically spacing his syllables. "Hi, Tim-o-thy," he says. "How are you?" "Dying," Leary responds without a pause. "How do you think I am?"

TIMOTHY LEARY, THE OXFORD HARVARD PSYCHOLOGIST, WAS KNOWN FOR TELLING A GENERATION TO "TUNE IN, TUNE IN, DROP OUT." Had been rehearsing his death for the past thirty

years of absolute social outcasts, from the prosecution of drug users to the prosecution of smokers. On learning of his inoperable prostate cancer, Tim realized he was smack in the middle of another great taboo: dying. That to die, he wasn't about to surrender to the fear and shame we associate with death in modern times. No, this was going to be a party. Our media-savvy cultural megadead was going to make it a party every second of existence and each of us was going to witness Timothy Leary. High Priest of LSD and Champion of Cyberspace, was back under the big top.

First, in October, there was the "Seventy-fifth and Final Birthday Party," a gala champagne and extra-milk event at which Tim and his hundred of his closest friends—from Tony Curtis and Liz Minelli to Perry Farrell and Christian Slater—consumed a giant birthday cake; a collage of Leary's head, made up of Hitler's and me. We posted him, and then we ate him, courtesy of a generous catering budget from director Tony Scott.

Then there was the Web site—www.leary.com—Tasmanian in cyberspace, the thoughts, notes, and images of Timothy's life uploaded into the shared consciousness of the Net. The Web site was designed to live on long after his death, growing ever bigger as Leary's staggering thousand-carbon archive is scanned and digitized and visitors contribute cases or converse in chat rooms. Leary also listed his daily drug intake, both legal and illegal, as well as the progress of his disease.

A book deal (which I packaged) soon followed. *Dying Is Dying* will be published by HarperCollins next spring. In it, Leary argues for taking charge of one's own death process, from cryonic freezing of the brain to assisted suicide. An appendix gives readers the chance to calculate their own "Quality of Life accounts," so that they can more accurately assess their desire to stay alive after losing various physical, mental, and social skills.

Most important, and most controversial, was Leary's decisions about how he was going to meet his death consciously, by suicide, and to enter the Net for all to witness through a live, CU-Scable broadcast. He would "die" do as he had done everything else: publicly and in grand style. No fear and no apology.

The media was quick to seize on the spectacle. With Dr. Kowalski and grabbing headlines in Michigan, designer dying was a hot-button issue. Dozens of network news pro-

grams, along with leading underground for want that a decade. Rosemary knew Tim at the height of his popularity and the depth of his infamy. And though she paid dearly for his incoherence against the state, it sounds as if the relative peace of infamy was preferable to the noise of popularity. The couple never had a moment alone. Even when she and Tim were camping together in the woods near the Millbrook, New York, estate, his followers would wander out to their site in the middle of the night to nip with the Great One. Rosemary would have to collect wood for the fire and cook for the surprise guests.

She could barely tolerate it then, and she wasn't going to tolerate it now. Sighing as she looks out at the mist across in the living room, the decision to leave, just one day after she got here.

One back on a patio overlooking the panoramic base of Los Angeles. Tim's leg helpers—a half-dozen young artists and computer whizzes who used to his needs day and night—set up a video camera to record his interactions with Oliver Stone. Leary calls across the circle of lawn chairs.

Stone turns and smiles, and so he does, the power of the same entertainment industry seems to sink in his chair with him. Leary's autobiography *Flashback* has been optioned by Leonardo, and Stone's frequent visits to the house may herald his interest in signing on to the movie's director. Tim isn't sure he wants to be remembered as just another Stone icon, but after Leary flared dropped in yesterday and said what a good job Oliver was doing producing his biographical film, Tim warmed up to the idea.

"What can I do for you, Tim?" Stone asks casually. His face is bright red from the heat of the sun, in stark contrast to his snow-white Mustang windbreaker. Tim doesn't move words. He didn't sleep well at all last night, and he's spent the day's allowance of energy just getting dressed, into the wheelchair, through the psychopaths, and out onto the porch.

"Are you interested in making a movie about me?" There are at least a dozen of us on the patio, and a half fish. We are witness to the transaction, and both men know it.

"Yes, right now? No," Stone says. "Then why are you here? Do you want something?" "No, Tim," Stone says. "You just here to visit. Just as a friend."

"Well, good," Tim responds without a second's hesitation. "I don't want anyone to make a movie."

"What's that?" asks a gorgeous blond in a satin halter she shows Tim a photo of a man in a string turtleneck, holding a drink. Tim squares it at. "That's Captain Al Hubbard," he says. "He, uh?" Tim scans the criminal-lord drive—"he made all this LSD from the CIA and gave it out in San Francisco." He shakes back a bit further. "I remember he had shared his budget from all over the country and diplomatic immunity. Strange kids."

These quiet moments are the best time—other than 4:40 a.m. in his bedroom—to glimpse what's really going on inside the dying man's head.

"What did you mean," I eventually ask, dejectedly, "when you told Oliver that you didn't want anyone to make a film?"

"I said I didn't want him to, and I meant it."

"But what if he walked in with a lifetime with someone and said, 'Here, let's make the movie?'"

"Well," Tim says, "but, it doesn't happen like that. It would be much more complicated than that."

"But you said you didn't want it."

"I just want anything," Tim stammers with his gaze. He's still here, all right. "That's all I mean. I don't want I won't asking him to do something because I want it." Timothy goes back to his bedroom to work on some film-pan work paintings. These sketches are about the only creative expression Tim still has the patience to complete and, according to the well-eyed, bleach-blond artist sitting him on the paintings could be worth a lot someday. If nothing else, their execution affords Tim some privacy.

Everyone else leaves after the afternoon, discussing the appearance that the cryonic people have brought to drink Timothy's blood at the moment of his death, in preparation for freezing his brain. It's pretty morbid stuff, but by the time the artists and Web designers are done with it, the engraver has been transformed into a pagan shrine, the gallery filled with some Tim might need on the other side—wine, pot, a bong, Tylenol, balloons for nerves, the poetry of Allen Ginsberg, a book by William Burroughs, photos of Tim's friends, punk-funk. Tim's mansion is a stony Myle messengers wearing a hole mask. The lights have been called blue and red, and strings of beads hang over everything else. A photo of Tim, adorned with flowers, sits in front of the wheel chair.

They'd probably do better to work on the Web site.

Just before losing consciousness for the last time, Timothy asks, "Why?" Then he smiles. "Why not?"

years. He'd always considered the use of hallucinogens as practice for the final process of deconstruction that the rest of us call death. One of his early books on LSD, *The Psychedelic Experience*, is an adaptation of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Leary and his Harvard cohorts believed that Bob was a guide not only to the transcendent into the possible but to hallucinogenic test runs of that journey.

As Tim's friend for the past ten years, I was alternately thrilled and disgusted by the career involving his final days. I knew him as a man who taught that "set and setting" are the key propensities of the quality of a psychedelic session. Why would he engage the mind and environment for the last, his ultimate pot, into such a circus?

Perhaps the dissolving death act was a continuation of the lifelong Leary stage show—more devil-may-care rejection

of mainstream and national newspaper and magazines compared for excited quotes from Leary. Rosemary was crowded the driveway, and journalists parked the living room. Documentaries are fixed contracts for exclusive film rights to the moment of death. Leary was all too happy to oblige. For a time.

"THIS IS JUST LIKE IT WAS AT MILLBROOK," ROSEMARY Woodruff, Tim's third ex-wife, is with me at his kitchen, peering past me. A member of Leary's upstairs-New York LSD community in the 1960s, Woodruff went into exile with Tim after his escape from California Men's Colony—West, where he was serving a ten-year sentence for holding ten dollars' worth of pot. Tim was recognized in Kabul by U.S. DIA agents but later released during the lenient Jerry Brown years. Ironically, Rosemary, who helped in the pil-

lage for weeks—he even said so in an interview with *U.S. A. Times*. But then how else could he respond and save face?

After a bit of small talk, Leary summons himself off the porch and back inside. The owner of an independent book company gets him to sign a few dozen copies of a upcoming work. As he signs each book, Tim asks hopefully, "Who is this one for?" only to be answered, each time, that he should just sign his name. It's his last, and personal.

By late that afternoon, most of the strangers have left, and Tim has with his loyal maintainers—the grad students of Leary U—going through boxes of photos. It's as if he wants to fill his brain with the images of his own life so that at the moment of death he'll be taking everything with him to the other side.

Despite almost a year of effort, (he handled of beds swapped) to the hazycore project have gotten slightly less time. The deletion of the site is impossible a year through Timothy's real home, where clicking on doors brings you into different rooms. But so far, the rooms are all empty. Each bookcase and cabinet, though nearly labeled ARCHIVE or TOWERS, just brings you to an empty page apologizing for being under construction.

Tim's other friends and patients—mostly party-time visitors—have been grinding for weeks that the kids, though, even to the care and dedicated to Tim's well-being, are just skeletons. The parents insist that Tim has put the kids on salaries and that the money they have "lost" him during these last years is looking out faster than it goes in.

What they don't see is that these kids are with Tim

twenty-four hours a day seven days a week, charging his lenses, responding to his whims, and jumping into action whenever he hears "Yikes!" only to find him collapsed, bleeding, and disoriented. If it looks as if they're just sitting around napping and smoking cigarettes, it's because they are shell-shocked. These kids are right there with Tim in the pain- and blood-soaked trenches of his long battle with death. And just when they need their mentor the most—to explain to them how to take all this in stride—he is slowly fading away. It's a traumatic experience.

Then there is the fate of the archives. What happens when Tim dies? Will they get sold to Sundance? Will the BBS—which has agreed to loan Tim's entire social media archive—take everything? Even the film company here asks the question: What about the electronic stuff? Tim is no help in solving these questions out. Tim instructs everyone's videos and then lets them fight it out among themselves. He just says yes to everything, making each of us to believe we alone are exercising Tim's true will. If only we heard him. "I don't want anything!"

That evening, Mike Ono comes by for a relatively private audience in Tim's bedroom to say goodbye—amid a chaotic mess of articles and photos, blood-soaked sheets, pill bottles, energy glasses, a few roaches and old balloons on the nightstand, and a huge television set humming ominously in the corner. Art by friends—some great and some just weird—hangs everywhere, even on the ceiling. A giant two-by-two-foot photo of "Timothy with John and Mike at the 'bed in' recording of 'Glee Peace a Chance'" just happens to hang on the wall.

"You were a great man," she tells him, patting his knee.

"We're still besties!"

They laugh. William Burroughs calls later that afternoon. Timothy catches the virtues of his pain-relieving fentanyl patch and then takes down Bill's address. The old justice wants to try one. Tim is honored to be turning on "the Bill Burroughs." We send it by Federal Express.

John Lilly visits a few nights in a row to share some of his favorite drug, ketamine, a psychedelic best known for its use by vets to render cars immobile. Lilly administers a syringe to Timothy and then one to himself, and the two old friends lie on the bed together as the dissociative anesthetic drives them out of their fading bodies for a time.

All Tim's friends say farewell in their own ways—some by giving something and some by giving something. Timothy gives and receives with equal gracefulness.

"Everyone sees their own Timothy Leary," he tells us, then drifts off to what looks like sleep. He suddenly sits, awakes at us, and asks, "What do you want?"

"I don't want anything," I joke.

He laughs. "You got me! Now you know how I feel!"

TIM DIES ONE OF HIS SECOND WINDS, AND WE ARE all sucked in. He wakes us to take him to three points. On the way back, he directs us to his most hazy round driveway mirrors from the mountains on Boulder Canyon Drive. We put them up all over his bedroom—the disorienting chamber—so he can see around the whole room without moving his head.

"Are you scared of dying?" I ask him.

"Not a bit."

"And you're still freezing your head?"

"It can't hurt."

"But when if you're already dead, going through the hardies you wrote about in *The Psychedelic Experience*, and then all of a sudden you're stuck—frozen in the process?"

"Well," he says, looking away for a moment. "I don't think it works like that. I hope not."

I am suddenly overwhelmed by guilt. How dare I try to pull him into a bad trip? Why did I find the need to project my own fear of death onto him? Because, for me, like every one else, he's just a mirror of my own unfulfilled business.

While I don't believe my questions caused him a moment's doubt, a few days later one of the "CircusCirc" representatives comes to visit with a photographer, and something in Timothy seeps. He looks there out of the house, and they chronicle the shrine and take back their equipment. Timothy later spun the story for the media. "They have no sense of humor.... I was worried I'd wake up in fifty years surrounded by people with clipboards." I think it had more to do with the "strings attached" to his openness deal. They wanted to exploit their access to his dying and freezing for a photo spread in *West*. Tim would rather just die than be remembered with someone else's eyes. He decides to have his ashes shot into space instead.

The hospice nurses tell us that his level of pain is extraordinarily high and that we shouldn't be surprised by new behaviors. But what surprises us all the most is his final decision not to go out as he had originally planned. He says he doesn't want to implicate any of us in an assisted-suicide legal charge and curbs the car-less death. The next week, Tim becomes too weak to make any real decisions at all. No one has been fully entrusted to make the suicide decision for him, and we make that Timothy Leary will end up dying pretty much like the rest of us, quietly succumbing to the inevitable. Let the media complain. He doesn't owe it to us to be spectacularly on-line any more than he owed it to conscious culture to be disarmingly in a hospital. Besides, he finds he loves life so much that he will endure any amount of pain for the pleasure of another day.

Rosemary, his stepson Zach, the kids at the house, and a few close friends are at his bedside in the last moments. It is an intimate and loving finale, in which the politics, personal issues, and media hoopla surrounding him finally give way to the deep love and respect we all share in someone. A HBO cameraman discreetly tapes the final vlog.

Just before losing consciousness for the last time, Timothy asks, "Why?" The room goes silent. Is he afraid? Does he feel lonely? Then he smirks. "Why not?" Everyone laughs. He repeats, "Why not?" about fifty times in fifty different voices. Crowing, loving, tragic, afraid. He reassures his audience through the performance, which somehow gives him the strength he needs to face the final curtain himself. The last thing he does is applaud, for himself and his no one. It is this paradoxically dignified fashion, Tim provides the comic relief at his own death. By dawn, helicopters are swooping in to capture aerial footage of the house. But Leary has left the building. ■



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STYLING: JENNIFER WILSON

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WOMEN we LOVE

Is there anything more treacherous than loving a woman? Sometimes you love her too much. Sometimes not enough. And often she just doesn't want to be loved—at least not by you. Of course, when you love an Elle Macpherson (right), it seems like a sure thing. On the other hand, if you're brave enough to love a Sharon Stone or a Cher, well, you take your chances. Wish us luck.

PHOTO: JEFFREY MAYER



LIZ TILBERIS: The graceful warrior in the fashion trenches

Like the fashion industry can be a very competitive business, downright cold and nasty. Liz does what she has to do to get out *Hope's Runway* each month, but instead of getting caught up in the negativity, she gets incredible results by being graciously competitive with class. Liz is always warm and generous, but there is also a part of her that is a warrior. I was with her at the Pediatric AIDS benefit last year, and she had this light, bright quality which was so extraordinary to me. Liz manifested nothing but optimism right after she

had undergone bone marrow transplants for ovarian cancer. People who go through adversity have a tendency to become victims. At her weakest moment, Liz was at her strongest.

The mark a warrior leaves in her will, her signature statement, her affirmation of life. Through her nightmares, Liz has continued to have great dreams. She has used her own experience to try to lift others up, writing poignant, witty articles. The privilege of a lifetime is to be who you are. Liz Tilberis is one of the great people who do things that truly matter, enlightening the lives of those around them. —PAT KELLY

NOA BEN ARTZI-PELOSSOF: Her grandfather knew best

There were presidents, prime ministers, and royalty on Mount Herzl that November day but to our girl only her words really registered. "Please excuse me for not wanting to talk to a beautiful person," she begins. "I want to talk about my grandfather."

Her most American, Yitzhak Peless, was an admirable yet remote figure—a gruff and noble soldier in whom we learned our battered hopes. But once Noa Ben Artzi-Pelless stepped down to the podium at his funeral, he seemed to be an eastern martyr in extremis and became a man.

Why did we fall in love with this eighteen-year-old girl who'd never met before? There were the freckles, of course, and her remarkable self-possession, and her visible battle to say her piece before she broke down. Later, she would write a book, *In the Space of Now and Hope*, that would fill in the rest. Noa makes no apologies for watching MTV, dancing well, smoking cigarettes, and dancing till dawn, even as she guards herself against becoming "a self-important EH is anah."

But there's more than the John-John syndrome at work. Her words have power as well. "Grandfather, you were the pillar of fire in front of the camp," she said to the world, "and now we are left in the camp alone, in the dark. . . ." Not altogether so alone. Noa, now serving in the Israeli army, may start her book by talking about her grandfather, but by the end she sounds at least as eloquent as he ever did in the name of peace. —FRANK RICH

NOA BEN ARTZI





STYLING: JESSICA BROWN



am sitting on a bed in a strange house in carefree Arizona. It is about seven p.m., and I am waiting to be slapped across the face by *Tea Leoni Again*. And here it seems with each take of the scene we are shooting for *Flaming with Desire*, the slaps are coming harder and harder. It is taking every iota of acting ability on my part not to flinch the second before it comes. She doesn't hold back. The director calls for makeup to cover the bruise on my cheek. *Tea* asks if I'm okay. Her unmistakable voice seems almost apologetic. Who am I to complain? In the first part of this scene, we were making out furiously on the bed. And I mean furiously. *Tea's* sensuality which is purely professional, by the way, permeates everything she does. The kiss, the slap, the greeting in the morning: "Hey, Stiller! Got a light?"

Who is she? One of the pups? A snail-forty decades out of time who should have starred in a Howard Hawks comedy? A sextet of comic timing with Al Pacino-busky laser-beam eyes?

I've spent most of the shoot trying to figure her out. Where is the vulnerable little girl beneath the tough exterior? Just close enough to the surface to mislead almost every male who comes into contact with her.

What?

All thoughts of the little girl are obliterated by her continued slap to the jaw.

Cut. *Tea*. Moving on to the next scene.

Tea lights up a cigarette and inhales to her toes. I watch her move with purpose to wherever she is headed. I start to wonder where that is. And as I do, the pain in my cheek seems quite unimportant. —**SEN HILLMAN**



Melissa Jones
editor, *World*
<http://www.world.com>

Theater Company
Web designer
<http://www.jack.com>

Carla Stachler
editor, *Net City*
<http://www.cybercity.com>

Brianne L. Brown
editor, *Cybernet*
<http://www.cybernet.com>

Michelle L. Brown
editor, *Webmistress*
<http://www.webmistress.com>

Stephan Sykes
editor, *Feed*
<http://www.feedmag.com>

THE WEBMISTRESSES: Grrrls just wanna be wired

Gee, the digital world was made up of boy nerds. And if they developed a reputation for being overweight and being in certain social grades, it was generally well deserved. Believe me, *Way back in the early nineties*, I used to go to the best geek parties. And these early nerds were like our makeshift harem, but they were keen how to build sleek, sexy machines that helped us communicate. Yet, as we've all finally figured out, women know how to communicate even better than men do.

So forget that patting our stuff about how great it is that women are finally taking to the Net. They're not just taking to it—they're taking over! That's right. All that vibrant, rebellious energy of the Web is wherever the grrrls are. And they're a special breed: sexy women with brains and mad/modern sound computers?

Hope so. 'Cause it's a tangled Web they weave.

—**B. G. KILLEN**

TEA LEONI: Because sometimes comedy can be painful



LISA MARIE PRESLEY: She's found a new place to dwell



he girl has her father's eyes. I always thought they also looked a little like Anne Frank's, backlit with bright sparks of young hope flashing from the shadows of the dark, smothering sidewalk of destiny. But what do they see? No doubt they look back to August 10, 1971, the day Elvis stepped on a rainbow. The king went to Jesus in the bathroom, quite literally on the throne, the kind of gossamerous mental code the Lord plays only for his brightest stars. This, of course, thereby became proxy to the elite company of Leroy Brown and Judy Garland, who passed away in similarly socially embarrassing circumstances. Janis Morrison, it should be noted, was allowed to find his eternal salvation only in the tub. Lisa Marie, of course, knew none of this. She was a fairy-tale princess who, in the light of the twentieth century, had her hands full landing off the thrones of a few of the world's most powerful men. To control her life, not to mention a marriage to Michael Jackson, which, coincidentally, lasted just a little over a weekend. Someday soon, Lisa Marie, you will be your own woman. You, Lisa Marie, will know that prince will come. Until then, just remember, you're it. A little bit. And all the rest of it, darling, just wait for someone tonight.

—KIRK FREEDMAN

CASSANDRA WILSON: The diva of desire



Cassandra Wilson is the singing hot mama of the moment, at least from the standpoint of rising popularity and actual sales. Not a proponent of today's shut chic, Wilson, at her very best, achieves an artistic sensuality. Well, she got it from the getting place. A native of Jackson, Mississippi, she performed with her brother father in law band, singing jazz and rhythm and blues. By the age 18,

Wilson was up north and working with veteran jazz musicians in the Bronx, Harlem, and Greenwich Village but was soon associated with atmospheric Steve Coleman and the Five Elements.

In 1991, her ability to gloss a romantic ballad with soul passion and swing until the cows come home slipped the jazz world wide, with the release of *Blue Star*. But it was the 1993 *Blue Light* CD that got her over the obscurity

fence. Performing in Wynton Marsalis's three-hour *Blues* on the Miles at Lincoln Center the next year, she attracted two solid-gold balls with her ability to sing through perhaps the most demanding parts ever written for a jazz vocalist. Some prefer Wilson to her earlier version of swinging adventure, others the combination of folk, blues, and pop elements that she shows up these days. To one of the former, but I'm sure you know what you like. —STANLEY CRUPIN

THE HEADLINERS: Are CNN's anchors real or just a fantasy?



They're ubiquitously on—in every showbizery in every capital. In every airport, in the hotel hospital waiting room, in every bar, in every bus and adobe hut in every nook and cranny of the globe. Lynne Russell, Bobbie Baltista, Aile Chen, Judy Woodruff... the women of CNN. Are they real women? Of course not. They're no more real than the anthropomorphic trout on your computer screen. But they are generators of the real. Really springs from their virtual wombs—their laptops. If they don't articulate it, it doesn't exist. They speak your name, you see. We are their words made flesh.

Of course, a unique persona has been fabricated for each of them. Lynne Russell, the Texas, Warrior Princess, of undercurrents. Bobbie Baltista, the fragile Cassandra, her credibility perpetually undermined by a stridently luscious Iga Vajda, an imperious but otherwise the squariness in the face of the most horrific mayhem.

There are not women with "active" in the normative sense. In fact, they are literally the most selfless women in history. The opposite of Baltista's famous adjectives, these are women who, fully exposed, can tell only the stories of others, who must tell only

the stories of others. They are the postmodern, almost pure existence.

So what happens when the killer asteroid finally arrives and we're all glued to the tube, clomping Obies too, watching the last seven days of the world as viewed by CNN? And the anthropologists are scribbling circles and arrows on electronic blackboards, confirming that humanity—you know, like, as a species—we're outta here, we're history? And the network's graphic designers have generated the simulation live feeds with their animated catastrophe logic: the earth's digital clock ticking away in the lower left-hand corner of the screen, or, better yet, a global EDO that goes fatter and fatter as the week progresses?

How will our perky rhinoceroses of the apocalypse comport themselves on the air as mankind's final week draws to a close—with professional sangfroid or with an accurate jettisoning of inhibitions? CNN's day-by-day coverage of earth's final week will be like the cockpit voice recorder—the black box—of civilization. The catastrophe's war media milquetoing in extremity, shattering away to the very God, God, I almost can't wait. —MARK LETWYCH



From left: Teresa Kelly, Aile Chen, Kathleen Kennedy, Judy Woodruff, Bobbie Baltista, Lynne Russell, Michael Allen, Paula Hilary, and Iga Vajda



VICTORIA GOTTI: More than her father's daughter

She is a thirty-two-year-old mother of three disaffected school boys who sits with pen and paper on one in the morning and writes for two clear hours. She wrote a highly useful book called *Wives and Men: What They Really Are*, which is a heart wrencher she has. She has also written one novel and is finishing a second. Now, her father is famous, although not as an authorship. And there are herds of cheap, disloyal, deceitful children from purportedly respectable famous families who will agree to tell our their parents in exchange for a book-publishing deal. They type with the blood of their fathers and mothers dripping from the sides of their mouths. For Victoria Gotti, though, betrayal and deceit are alien acts. She wrote on the dedication page of the heart book: "To my parents, John and Victoria Gotti, for without them I would not be who I am today. Victoria

is a daughter who loves her father and respects her feelings at every opportunity. "We go to the same businesses," my friend Ruth Nussbaum tells me, "and every time I see her, she says she loves her father and that he was framed."

In describing women writers, publishers usually begin by stating, "Elizabeth Benedict, a graduate of Barnard College. It is always Barnard or Princeton or Vassar or Radcliffe. But Victoria Gotti took the CTA bus from Howard Beach to Stella Maria High School in Rockaway Queens. After Stella Maria, she went to St. John's University. She began writing when she was suffering with her heart problems. "My mother told me, 'Sit down and write about it.' So I did. Then, whenever anything got me upset, she would say 'Sit down and write another book.' Everybody would say, 'Don't put me in your book' and run away," says the daughter. "But I always remember people." —JUDY FRIEDMAN

LISA KUDROW: Dumb blond? Don't be stupid

It used to be that dumbness in a woman was seen by the average guy as an asset—or at least that was the joke. The idea behind it was if she was dumb, you could trick her into bed faster. But as men got smarter (and here's that what feminism is all about—women just demanding that we get smarter!), we wanted brains in our women, too. Of course, being nice, we wanted both. And that's where Lisa Kudrow comes in. Because, as the old show-business adage says, You have to be smart to play dumb.

Lisa's been on *Friends* since 1994, and I love her for that, because the show she's co-*Friends* maybe you're bored of it?—has made her huge, so there is no career advantage in doing my show. In fact, there's a career risk, which is why so many actors avoid it: because your witty TV image could take a tumble if the subject of the flat tax comes up and she herself isn't around to punch you up. So I can only assume Lisa does it because she enjoys the challenge, and she has been more than up to it. (If she hadn't been, the theme of this piece would really blow.)

From where left, Lisa Kudrow is what all men want: She's great looking and doesn't act like it, no bad attitude, and really smart. And you'd have to be pretty dumb not to like that package. —NELL MARSH



WOMEN WE DON'T LOVE

Megan Mullally

She was great in the beginning, but then she went too far.

Kristin Lee Gillis

She wanted your ex-boyfriend to be a judge to love her.

¹ The editors of *Esquire* wish to apologize because such a crowd does not fit that seat.

Joni Mitchell

Just because our friend always loves her doesn't mean we have to.

Tina Turner

What's a little whispering among friends?

Kristin Lee Gillis



Megan Mullally

That's no lady, that's Sharon Stone
By Bill Zehme
Photographs by Michel Comte

the
last
great
broad



here she stood, all aglitter, as per her custom, in Don Rickles's backyard on the night of the comedian's seventieth birthday. "I was confident, she began her monologue like this: 'I remember the first time I slept with Don...' Even *Sisters* laughed! "Who is this broad?" he was overheard to say, admiringly, but also knowingly. For a lifetime, he speculated in her brains absent, before she herself was declared dead—at least in her mind. The postmodernist had been gone days, had lost humor and civility and now the essential measure of the man. And then there appeared *The One*—legs akimbo, breasts akimbo—steering back the forgotten miracle only to reinvent it in her own image. She would be, and is, by grand design, our Last Great Broad. ("Nobody ever says I'm a Lady," she will happily concede.)

"I think I oughta do what I wanna do," she once told me, reasonably, thereby heaving a hipstocked guarder as inches everywhere. (A naughty broad to boot!) For this—and reasons perhaps more petty—women took to her with instant disdain and distrust. Piss out that she is whip smart and watch their eyes roll. A woman in my own life, whom I brought one night to the Great Broad's home, could not bear her. The Great Broad, of course, could not have been owner to this woman, but it seemed little. Year later, as that affair unraveled around a messy conclusion, the movie star and I stood in a cold Las Vegas parking lot. "Don't be sad," she said, her hand soft upon my shoulder. She armed pain that I did not know to be evident. "It need only be a minute, the sadness. The best thing you can do is move on. The longer you stay in the middle, the worse you're going to feel!" (Wise heart beating beneath bare shoulder.)

Of Hollywood, she has disarmingly noted, "You can only fuck your way to the middle." Always she moved on and on, squinting ironic petals in his wake of missteps. (She later wrote a forward to the book *Bad Movie: We Love*, which contains a mock-celebratory chapter all her own, called "The Stone Age.") In this, her year of true reckoning, her Art finally caught up to her Act—but not without struggle. While shooting *Canis*, for which respect and awards would be hers at last, she awake nights and sat alone at her kitchen table, crying. "What the hell am I doing?" she would say, lost in the mix and amazed of the performance she gave. (Only her car burned then.) At the behest of Master

Scorsese, thrags for months bore the hell out of Ginger McKenna, the chip-buster character she portrayed and unfurled—but the screen losses were real. She showed me her check one day after losing Vegas payment. "Am I blue here?" she asked, raising the check, but metaphor loomed. Later, I gave her a tape of *The Star*, in which her idyl, Berni Tavena, playing a fallen film queen, drove drunk through Beverly Hills with an Oscar on her dashboard. "Watch *The Star*," read her thank-you note. "Loved it, of course. Lucky for me I was washed-up before I was a star—should make a star!" She has since taken in a new stray cat and named her Miss Diva.

She is a Broad with money, who actually writes them down in moments most contemplative. From one of her very nice vignettes, entitled "With You." "Style is what you do with your mistakes. Bertha Bernard's nose, Clark Gable's ears, Danny DeVito's size, and Cher." Her own mistakes are epic, and now so, too, is she. On Oscar night, drunk in Gap wear, she shone best,

as a promoter, by dint of Bob. Having misplaced the writer's envelope for *Deconstructing Scorsese*—my copy hanging thick—the ad libbed unfettered, without pause, and thus became a true winner. "I don't have the envelope, so I'd like us all to have a psychic moment." Leaning on podium, fingers to temples, soul and bridle, she went with grace and candor. "Let's concentrate."

It's coming to me! By night's end, alas, Oscar himself did not come to her, but it may still be too soon for that. She takes some getting used to, as does anything starring, indeed, at thirty-eight, she is just now getting used to herself. "I have finally aged into my face," she said solemnly as these photographs were being taken. "Just think of me as a middle-aged woman."

Only weeks before, I took her picture with a clown. It was the clown's deepest wish. She was backstage in *The Street Show*, mused that work in Chicago, where she had come [forward to page 101]



"I'm trying to change my image—make it a little wider, a little less controlled."



CHER Bring her your poor, your tired, your hair extensions...



he Statue of Liberty must be immediately replaced with the image of a far more alluring American heroine: Cher.

The Statue of Cher would have to showcase outfits radically restyled at least once per decade and as fifty-ton gowns regularly although by Rob Macdon, occasional tucks and rebekings could occur as warranted. Cher is our nation at its most exuberant and least pretentious. Her life has become a lavishly historical pageant, like Jane Fonda's without the self-righteousness. Cher is a posh, racy teenage girl doodling in her notebook, filling her loose-leaf notepad, or perhaps her forearm, with fantasy boxes, Oozem, and dreamboats. Cher has triumphantly managed to achieve her doodles without sacrificing her yearning, her common-touch suburban citizenship. Some feel that Cher's less legal activities, her multiple tattoos and obscene videos, detract from her exceptional talent as an actress, as if consuming boy toys and supervising *Saturday*, her catalog of gothic shocklike, somehow lowers her sleep factor. I disagree wildly. Cher's decorating and hair-care addictions help her gloriously human, a woman enjoying as instinct rather than obeying, carefully rigid career navigation.

Cher has exuded as an early-on rock icon, her short-skirted bangs and oil-spill eyeliner upsetting parents worldwide, her sultry model allowing Sonny Bono, a stateside Bushmaster, to soar. A turned, unapologetic Cher exposed her mischief and her wit as she and Sonny hosted a network variety hour, both joy- and pain-brained. Cher's Midwesterner hair flips and lifting tongue gave her a New Charles innocence, rendering Sonny's motorchopped Benetton. Drooping Sonny, along with a smolder of profile, Cher phoned in mid-rise-as-a-dance character, heavy-metal mane, Broadway newscaster, and Moon-rock maiden. My favorite infomercial offered Cher's Aquasolite skin-care regime. Her gaudy, baldish midsize man sampled the line's smooth lotion, applying it, for dramatic effect, to only one side of his face. Cher marveled at his newfound asymmetrical success. "He looks like he had a stroke!" she cried appreciatively.

Cher is the very best breed of star. She promises pleasure. Her mistakes are bad-porn adventures, and her self-mockery and white-the-bell glances are irresistible. Lastly, Cher's talent, some time off, hanging out in London, and recording a new CD. Come back to our harbor, Cher. It's just not America without you.

—DAVID BYRNE



ANGELA BASSETT: The showstopper

The first time I saw Angela Bassett perform was in an off-off-Broadway club on the wall in the early eighties. A friend of mine had dragged me there to see yet another production of Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*, and to this day I can recall the sensation of sitting in that cold, dark theater watching Angela work. I remember being rendered powerless by that scintilla swirl of contradictions that was her performance: absolutely to control yet the essence of vulnerability; serene, delicate, provocative.... Sonny had told me she was doing it that night—kissed and embracing it one minute and then springing it out with haughty disdain the next. Anouilh never had it as good. I met Angela after the performance, grabbed nervously, and we roared we'd stuck together. Sometimes thereafter, she signed to L.A.—where being blind is considered a talent—and dined the odds as a film actress. However, I must admit that every time I saw her on the screen, it only made me long for her return to the stage. *Maggie the Cat*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Claymore* (Bassett's as well as Shakespeare's), *Heidi*, *Medea*. They all have the gifted Miss Bassett's name on them, as does a new play I'm working on called *Angela*, *Queen Anne*.

—JENNIFER E. WOLFE

GINA GERSHON: Who do you want to watch your back?

When the end finally comes and women rule the planet, you're going to need a friend. A sister who survived the sudden-up boyfriend of husband and came out on top. You'll want a strong pair of shoulders that you can get behind, an avenging angel who will keep the Tank Girls and Mary Delays of the south off your sorry Yekasomousian son. Enter Gina Gershon, dressed like a Catholic girl in trouble but endowed with the swagger of a grunge monkey who has a Golden Globe trophy codding in a closet somewhere. You probably recognize her as Cruise, the tooth-together-type sport diva from *Striptease* (she played Apollo Creed's Elizabeth Bentley's Rocky), or the soldier-of-fortune-development girl in *The Player* or maybe as the professional journalist who infested *Orlando*. You want Gina covering your flank because

she's fearless, takes chances, and leads on her feet. Who else at the moment can claim Tom Cruise as her first romantic sexual encounter and Jennifer Tilly as her lover?

You want Gina on your side because, among other things, Gina has that mouth, a mouth that says "I dare you" without making a sound. She does the enigmatic, mysterious, she-man-with-no-name, the strong, silent type better than you. Take a gander at her in this summer's lame-verse thriller *Round*. She wears slippers, drives a pickup, and sets Tilly's legs on fire with the touch of her fingertips.

You want Gina watching your back because she's matched your kind, the way Dan Fosse grooved with the gorillas. Above all, Gina's your hero, because when the check comes, she won't take your money. "You don't have to pay," she jolts to me one day. "I'm fucking the waiter." —MICHAEL ANGELO

LORRIE MOORE: Stories that make you cry—until you laugh



We say she's with the reason all her friends haven't gotten back together

BOOK REVIEW

A few lines from a poem we composed expressly for her

My extremely eyes are nothing like the sun,

Coral is far more red than her lips' red.

It's not to be white, why then her breasts are dim,

It's not to be strong, black when glow on her back.

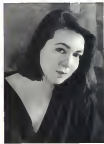
WHY A MISTAKE

From a beauty

From a beauty

From a beauty

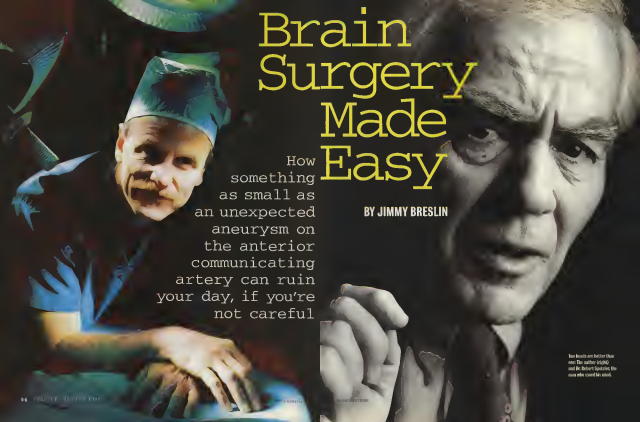
From a beauty



I read Lorrie Moore, and I think that here is human nature distilled to its two sweetest elements for being, humor and sadness, her boundless intelligence signifying back and forth between them like a crackling charge on a wire. What is there to fall in love with in anyone but these two things, as we say, funny and sad, the one disarming the other? In her stories, they flow, an utterly charming and explanatory something, each thing seen anew, each image reasonable yet inexplicable to the exact degree that gives literature its single advantage over analysis.

I love reading her the way I love reading other living writers. Her work makes me poem, makes me want to speak. She is well-known but not highly so, the kind of writer you'd recommend to your closest friends and then hope they like, not for her sake but for yours. If you don't know her work, start with *Like Life*, a collection of stories. "The Jewish Hysteria" is one of them, a hilarious tale baring with sadness. "Hacking" is a joke well told, says Goshen, its beginning poem brooding. "It just all comes out like me." That is the strength and charming grace of it exactly, and what makes it enduring. Oh, to read her remarkable prose, the way it touches you softly with its elegiac familiar Empire, on your wrist, the smell of your back, the hidden part of your neck, not like a lover but like the love of your life. —STYAN GARTH





Brain Surgery Made Easy

How something as small as an unexpected aneurysm on the anterior communicating artery can ruin your day, if you're not careful

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

Your brains are bigger than mine: The author (right) and Dr. Robert Spatz, the man who saved his mind.

BRESLIN, JIMMY
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IMAGE 144
STUDY 3

AH

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Breslin's head had been positioned for more than a week, and his left eye was swollen shut. Doctors performed an MRI test, bombarding his skull with magnetic fields, which caused atoms to release light and show a level-by-level picture of brain activity. His eye remained flat, but the MRI showed a strange bulge at the front of the brain just above the brow line (right). The doctors called for more tests.

R

An angiogram—a dye-injected X-ray of the region's blood vessels—clearly showed an aneurysm (above), a ballooning of the artery wall that could burst at any moment and kill the patient.

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Dr. Robert Spetzler of Phoenix's Barrow Neurological Institute had to position a titanium clip at precisely the point where the artery wall began to swell. It was a tough job: The aneurysm had no neck, but there was no room for error.

with a pool. He does things like sit out of helicopters. He takes chances for sport, and for a living.

I was home when a man called from Spetzler's office. He said I was a good candidate for an aneurysm operation. I remember his voice was low. Since the subject was slightly important to me, I immediately dropped into an unaccustomed, plodding comprehension of what he was telling me.

"When do I come?" I asked him.
"When would you like to come?"
"Anytime starting Monday," I said.
"We'll see you here at two on Monday."

"When do you think I'll have the operation?"

"On Tuesday morning at eight sharp."

"How long will I be in the hospital, do you think?"

He said he didn't know.

INTO THE BRIGHT PHOENIX morning we came. We got to the Arizona Biltmore Hotel and instead of going to the room, I went into the coffee shop. My wife and daughter came and had snacks while I had coffee. Then we went out into the sun and lawn and took a walk in the hospital. The light-brown color of the Barrow Neurological building rose from a wide empty street, with a larger hospital, St. Joseph's, on the opposite side.

There was this one large entrance hut on the left was a glass door with Robert Spetzler's name on it. You just went through the door and into a small waiting room with a counter straight ahead as you entered. Three or four women receptionists sat in a room behind the counter. The waiting-room windows looked out on the hospital driveway and a small parking lot and that was it. In an alcove, there was a soda machine and a phone booth. When one of the women saw me walking in, she looked up and said, "Red!" And now it was official.

Spetzler's office has a concert piano. He also has a large fish tank and three television monitors that show the operating room and what is going on in there. The door opened and Spetzler walked in quickly. He was dressed for the operating room. A blue cap was tied to his head with a white cord. He was tall and had a neat mustache. Big, strong, tanned arms came out of a blue short-sleeved shirt.

The hands were long and graceful. He came in with no records with him. He said that would be a pretty much straightforward brain operation for an aneurysm. Of which I was sure there was no such thing.

Until now, I had said and had from the one subject I now brought up. "By the way, how do you do the operation?" Spetzler took his finger and ran it across my forehead and down my right temple in front of the ear and stopped even with the start of the ear. He had a nice touch, but he was outlining half my head being taken off.

"Okay then," he said. "We'll see you in the morning."

"Then, just before leaving, he asked, 'What kind of work do you do?'"

The hands were long and graceful.

He came in with no records with him. He said that would be a pretty much straightforward brain operation for an aneurysm. Of which I was sure there was no such thing.

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"Okay then," he said. "We'll see you in the morning."

"Then, just before leaving, he asked, 'What kind of work do you do?'"

I was clear. Know my angiosome film, the face and name don't count but the words suddenly flew out of my wife's mouth. "He's a Pulitzer-prize winner." Never before had either of us ever mentioned the award. When Spetzler saw me looking in astonishment at my wife, he said, "No, that is important that you tell us. If you're a writer, we have to take that into consideration. Your skills come from certain parts of the brain. If you did something else for a living, then we would think in another way."

"We operated on a truck driver who had an aneurysm in a place right where all his motor skills came from. We had to be extremely careful of that part of him."

So if I were a moving man and it came to a decision between shoulder mobility and the objective car, I would be pushing a piano and saying, "Between you and I."

Now he said, "I'll see you tomorrow." Beyond that, there wasn't much to discuss. We would meet in the morning. I said fine, and he smiled and nodded and was gone.

We filed in advance from another desk and were escorted to a bare room with one window looking out onto the street. A nurse came in and handed me that blue gown with the no strings. I sat and talked with my wife about the only thing on my mind.

"What if I can't put those words together?" I said.

THE BRAIN IS NOT JUST AN ORGAN. IT is incomparable. It cannot be compared to anything on earth because it does nothing else but think. It weighs three pounds. It has no endurance. Your hand

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W 1082
C 540

that opens up like jaws. But the human hand can't get them open. The jaws are needed. He works for forty minutes on this. Time never counts.

And now the aneurysm suddenly moves. It is twisted and soft and with two heads and the blood is swirling and it all seems to move right up at Spender. Suddenly, there is a danger that has not shown on the angiogram film. And it is at that moment that Spender's life and body come together. The hands you trust with your life get their confidence for the next moment that you place yours in them. They have the experience that allows them to sense at danger and take any measure to suppress it, out to the room, down, and walk away with another success. He works with hands that do not seem to move. It is different when seen through the microscope. Here the hands are pronounced and their work is massive and maddening. With quick little motions, a Penfield probe strikes one of the sacks of the two-headed aneurysm. The sack gives. The probe now pushes from the side. The sack gives. Suddenly, the aneurysm, sack and the color goes from purple to red and the neck inflates all the way around. Start again.

Spender had been working on the aneurysm for over two hours. He sighs and steps back. A nurse massages his shoulders. Sometimes, sometimes, the thing must hold in new shape so that it can be lifted with a clip. And all the while, through all the probes, all the aneurysm, all the tenderness, one line risks the room. Both me and I will die.

Finally, with a creak of his wrist he places the clip at the base of the shaped aneurysm. The clip closes and chokes off the ballooning part of the aneurysm. A needle goes into the bulge, and the blood is immediately sucked up. There are small pieces of cotton placed around the clip to cause a scar tissue in the artery, strengthening the same wall. The aneurysm now is gone.

Spender reaches for the piece of white silk. He fits it back like the last brick in a wall. It now has miniature glands and nerves pulsating, it is the rest of the skull.

That was it. He strengthens and says, "Thank you very much." And he walks out for his next operation.

THAT WAS ON THURSDAY. I DID NOT move a muscle until late Wednesday afternoon. At which time the famous

surgeon Spender walked in and looked at me. He asked me my name.

"I'm Number one," I said. He asked me what city I was in. "Topeka," I said.

When they told my wife, who was outside, she said, "So far so good. He was like that when he came here." I vaguely remember something like that. I guess I had a couple of recent remarks about my tongue so I could show off by sticking through the hose. Then I dropped in and out, as I would for the next couple of days.

I woke up with a start and immediately tried to throw my legs off the side of the bed and get up.

"You cannot move, you just had surgery," a woman said. She was a dim farm somewhere near the bed.

"It is over?" I said. "Yes, of course. You had it yesterday morning."

"How did it go?" "It's fine," she said. "You are fine. Don't worry."

I remember a thought running in as an, I loved God thanks and I would have to be thankful for the rest of my life, and I know exactly how I was going to show it, but the are disappeared and I didn't know what I was thinking about. I was in intensive care. My head felt as remote, as rough, as Queens Boulevard. I had a pain from the top of my head to my jaw.

"I need coffee," I said. I wanted to have coffee and then start working. I had a cup. Then I threw up. I knew it was going to be a while before I could try any work.

The close watch on me went that way for six days. Every room had a computer terminal on a table. On each view, a nurse or doctor typed an entry. They could call up my record precisely to the minute, starting when I first walked into the hospital. Whenever I was half alert and somebody would start on the machine, I would be sure with anxiety I had to start work immediately. This was not a restriction or warning thought during operation. Since I started my newspaper column in 1961, I had not missed one deadline ever. I had a fix in 1965 and took three days off. And now the end of an afternoon caused instant anxiety; I had to be writing.

I spent two days nervously trying to think of a first sentence. I picked up a pad and pen and with an effort that surprised me, I got a few paragraphs

I picked up a pad and pen and with an effort that sapped me, I got a few paragraphs down. It read like pure Croatian.

down. The next day I picked it up and wrote quite a bit. My wife went back to the hotel and typed it on a computer. When she showed it to me the next morning, she said nothing. I knew that she would wait for a chance to bring up objections, which her face showed would be at least once the next night. It read like pure Croatian.

I dropped my head in dejection. I started writing again. The subject was the same one that you are reading about. My brain operated. It took over a day and a half, but I got it done and I knew it was all right. I liked the newspaper, newspaper, news. Suddenly, as I was finishing up the newspaper, I noticed that I missed no words and started more. I hang up with education running through me.

Once, this moment would have sent me tearing across a street at early evening and bursting through the saloon doors and trying to cry out, "You deserve a drink. You are a good person. Here is the hospital, I put my head back and waited for somebody to come in and say I could go home. There was nothing else. I had everything I ever needed back in the same condition it always was. Beautiful.

The entire journey this dangerous operation on the only brain I have, turned out pretty well. I want to thank God for letting me live, and I want to thank my brain for remembering me. Good boy, yourself, Brulin. You are a miracle now and then. W



THE SENIOR TOUR IS NO PLACE FOR A JUVENILE CIGAR

Savvy guys like Walter, Larry, Tom and Larry don't kid around when it comes to golf or cigars. They like the mature, rich taste of T's Arno. Send for a sample box. A \$15 check or money order gets you 10 T's Arno Toros, plus a T's Arno Cigar Custer. A \$25 \$0

value. Send name and address to: Premium Cigars, P.O. Box 407166-84, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33340 7166. Allow up to 120 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Nov. 30, 1995. Offer not available to minors. Limit one per customer.



Standing clockwise from left: Walter Morgan, Larry Gilbert, Tom Wargo, Stang, Larry Leonard.

GUCCI

For more style tips, visit www.gucci.com or call 1-800-255-2200

AMERICAN
GENTLEMAN

STYLE CENTRAL

Why Ron Herman/Fred Segal may be America's coolest store

By Woody Hochswender

ON A GIVEN sun-drenched afternoon, you might find David Schwimmer and Matt LeBlanc of *Friends* shopping for khakis and fitted shirts, Mick Jagger and someone from the *Smash*ing Pumpkins browsing among the "amused" prints, athletes sweeping out the smelly socks for the new Allen Morrisette video, or the usual impossibly pretty young models sipping cappuccinos and watching it all unfold. Every moment in *Gentleman* has its own *Blues Brothers*, *Berger*, *Goodman*, *Bernese*—and right now, especially for hip men's wear, Ron Herman/Fred Segal *Melrose* seems to be it.

Of course, in Los Angeles, Fred Segal, as the shop is commonly known, has been the store of the moment for a long time. Located between the youth-cult meadow of *Melrose Avenue*, a kind of latter-day *King's Road*, and the tony precincts of *Monrovia* and *Beverly Hills*, the ivy-covered landmark has adopted a rule-

taking approach to fashion that seems to work in a town where the heavy hitters can dress as they please.

"I'm a very conservative guy," says the owner, Ron Herman, "but I love my *Prada* shoes." Herman, who bought out his uncle, Fred Segal, in the twenties, has added the new wave of youth-oriented TV shows—*Friends*, *Hill* girls, *Melrose Place*, *Friends* and *Bay of Pigs*, all of which the store dutifully wardrobe-

These days, the look for men is "glamorous but raw," says Miss Goodman, the store's vice president for men's wear: jackets with smaller shoulders, fitted shirts, fitted trousers, lean jeans, and "lots of glitz-dust." His labels include Helmut Lang, Ralph Lauren's RL, Dean Cain Noori, and Fendi.

Through the Fred Segal look has become part of the visual language of prime-time TV, Herman declines to take wardrobe credit for his store. "We understand the value of not advertising," he



Jeans: jeans shirt by
Giuseppe Armani, bag,
shirts: Armani jacket
by Carol Christian Patti
and best jeans by Fendi;
right: *Friends* shirt
by Paul Smith, left:



FRED SEGAL STORE

FIGURE 106



Single-breasted
cotton coat, ribbed
wool turtleneck, and
trousers by Valentino
boutique. Her coat
by Terzi. Opposite:
Double-breasted wool coat by
Gianni Versace; boots
by Cole Haas. Her
outfit by Gianni.

1997 FALL/WINTER 1998

Pit has finally hit the overcoat. Leave it to the
Italians to take their signature fine fabrics
and create shapely coats with enduring style.



A Fine Romance

Photographs by Troy Ward, produced by John Nather

Her open Salvatore Ferragamo dress
by Blumarine by Anna
Kollmann opposite.
Double-breasted wool-
and-cashmere coat,
silk-satour shirt,
and tie by Gianfranco
Ferré. Her outfit
by Dolce & Gabbana.



Elegant interlude, far from the crowd.



Single-breasted wool coat, cashmere turtleneck, and cotton- and-Lycra trousers by Krønergløde Tegne; leather boots by Joseph Fensterrier. Her coat by Alberta Ferretti; boots by Robert Clergerie. Opposite: Double-breasted wool-and-cashmere coat by Gucci. For store information see page 128.



MASTER CLASS

This fall, Giorgio Armani continues to push the boundaries of modern men's fashion, a category he practically created, with a major new store in New York and a powerful new take on his spare, masculine designs. Look for a leaner silhouette, a closer fit, and, of course, unparalleled ease.

Photographs by Troy Ward; produced by John Mather

New York's Giorgio Armani will debut a new line of New York, high-fashion menswear for men and boys this season, keeping the full range of his collections, including the clothes on these pages. They're made of smooth, soft fabrics, and made with an elegant, understated style. Just as sophisticated as you.

foundations, the fashion, and
world of the 1950s. He said:

Opposite "Mad" magazine, you
can't resist, and I'm glad to
be a young man. He said:
"I'm not a young man."



STYLING: JANE BOND
HAIR: JANE BOND
MAKEUP: JANE BOND
DRESS: JANE BOND
SHIRT: JANE BOND
TIE: JANE BOND
SHOES: JANE BOND
WATCH: JANE BOND
JEWELRY: JANE BOND
PROP: JANE BOND
SET: JANE BOND
LIGHTING: JANE BOND
CLOTHING: JANE BOND
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STYLING: JANE BOND
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JEWELRY: JANE BOND
PROP: JANE BOND
SET: JANE BOND
LIGHTING: JANE BOND
CLOTHING: JANE BOND
ACCESSORIES: JANE BOND



[continued from page 61] Pentagon. Considerably encouraged by this, Mailer set out to do what he had told himself in advance that he would not attempt—he tried to change Bushman's point of view on the real history of the cold war.

MM: I think Americans felt subtly betrayed by how the Soviet Union came to an end. Do you agree that part of the huge distrust of government to that people felt had to systematically. Where were those terrible, terrible humans? We're suddenly seeing cars of them.

PL: I think there's a lot of stuff out of what in heaven's name was done, some going down through and back.

MM: If they're not evil now, why weren't they not evil then?

PL: Well, speaking for the folks for whom I speak—we think we won the war—

MM: And I keep saying you bankrupted them.

PL: [laughing] Okay! We bankrupted them. Better we bankrupt them than we exchange weapons with them.

MM: Come on, you know and I know that if you beat a man at a polo game because you have more money, you can't take the same kind of pride in it.

PL: All right, right, there's something of a bedevilment, there's no doubt about it. It didn't end with a bang, it did end with a whimper. But I was glad that all those Eastern European communist broke free, virtually without firing a shot.

Look, the cold was a war brought me into active politics, it's what converted my journalism in the '60s, it's the reason I happened. Goldwater, it's one reason I was with Nixon all the way, even though Nixon had his own vision. It's why I was in Reagan's White House. It was "Get the communists out of Nicaragua"—it was our whole life. And I feel now we've got a second life. The war's over.

MM: Well, with all due respect—

PL: You don't think the war could—

MM: It never existed to the extent you guys exaggerated.

PL: You're saying we exaggerated. I'm telling you—

MM: I'm sure saying you didn't believe. I don't think you could have lived with it if you didn't believe it. I'm not saying there was no sincerity in it. I'm saying it's very easy to be sincere if

you don't think things through.

PL: [laughs] How can you not go through—look—how can you not—I never think the events in all those years, the Cuban missile crisis.

MM: Look at Gernade, for God's sake. Come on!

PL: But the key about Gernade was not that it was small—but that Reagan reached out and grabbed a Soviet power off the table and said, "What are you going to do about it?" And they could do nothing. It was the first time a tiny piece of territory captured and occupied by the hostile empire was taken back, the Cubans were made to look ridiculous, the Soviet Union was made to look completely ineffectual. Suddenly, the West was on the offense.

It's a tiny, tiny victory. But it meant the tide had turned.

MM: My basic argument is that you follow exaggerated the danger of the Soviet Union by at least one order of magnitude. You were calling to percent 100 percent. Nineman hundred percent went into Gernade, and I don't know if they knew it in advance or discovered it by their huge overreaction, but they were up against a thousand construction workers. They kept it secret for three days, the embarrassment was so immense.

But it was used, it was used. The country celebrated.

PL: The country loved it.

MM: That's a sign of distress.

PL: [laughing] It's not a sign of distress! The country had seen KAL shot down. They had gone through this horrible year of the Iranian hostage crisis, and they had seen the Soviet invasion on the move. The Soviets were in Afghanistan.

All of a sudden, we had a leader who said, "Knock that Soviet power off the table. Let's take it back." He used military force, without apology, he overwhelmed them. He had ten thousand troops, actually, he had Airborne and everything else in there. We went over there, took Gernade back. And what did you see? You saw Castro two or three days later, in a total panic, telling the Nicaraguans, "If the Americans come, I can't help you."

All of a sudden, what you revealed was the integrity of the Soviet Union to defend the communists of the empire. And I thought it was a tremendous signal for the United States. I know it was indicated, but—

MM: I'm one of the people who missed it.

PL: Well, that's all right. You were mistaken, Norman. [Blink laugh.] It was a famous victory.

Mailer let it go. The argument, should he continue it, would be circular—each would repeat what had been said before. So he reminded himself. He was not here to try to revise Bushman's view of the past when, indeed, the candidate had so much vested interest in the notion of protecting his old views. No, he was here to find out whether there might be some real, if small, potentiality in Bushman's move to the left.

Jesse for VP!

MM: Let's talk about what it would take for you to become president.

PL: Sure.

MM: One of the fundamental problems in America now is the gulf between blacks and whites. It seems to me that as economic sufficiency for the working people of America is tied into an economic sufficiency for blacks, Clinton does have a little shopworn horn for black people and another little shopworn drum, but nothing's happened. He's really changed nothing. There's a huge dialogue and wanting to be held between blacks and whites. Half of the trouble in the Democratic party is their reliance these days on what I call Boutique Politics. Five or six unrelated political causes. For example, the problems women have in America, or gays, are minor compared to the gulf between blacks and whites. Unless we learn to live with each other, we may not survive as a country. Not in the form we know now. We could break down into race riots and ghettos with barbed wire around them. I mean, this country will hold as long as we don't get into a depression. But the measure we do—what would keep us together then? There are certain families who lose their money and discover that they're a good family. They stay together. Other families lose their money, and that's it. The family flies apart. That second situation is the one I think we're in.

PL: You're talking about the major social problems of our time. We're got to start the universe of working men and women running again, especially those who work with their hands, tools, and machines, many of whom are black and Hispanic and rural white.

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Three ways to do this. One, stop forcing Americans to compete with folks who can work very hard and very well for a lot less—stop illegal immigration into this country cold. Two, I believe you should have a good day's pay, and the employer is responsible but to legal immigration. There are twenty million such people here, many of whom work very hard and without the wage of working men and women. Three, you have to go and do these damn deals that force America's working men and women into competition with Mexican folks who work for a buck an hour, a bodyfiller an hour, or Chinese who work for twenty-five cents an hour.

In other words, you have to return to the

idea that the American market is for the American worker first and foreigner people second. This protection I think is it economic nationalism, which has as its goal a pleasurable life for the wages of working men and women met every year, so they used to do in the upon and upon and early '80s. That is the precondition for social peace in America. It is not everything, but in the absence of this, we're not going to get there.

MR. You were saying that in New Hampshire and other places I kept laughing. And I kept wanting for you to say a little more. I believe the only way your ideas will work here is to convince Americans in production as well. I think some very hard labor formed in the American working class over the last thirty or forty years, a cynicism about the job that comes out of the very monotony of the work in manufacturing jobs. In addition, there's not enough real self-interest for working well.

It seems to me that a good part of profit that goes to the top of the corporation has to be plowed back in the form of benefits for workers.

MR. A stake in the profit machine.

MR. A huge stake. A stake with profit. This country currently thrives on the idea of competitive markets. There has to be a huge part of it. The workers themselves have to benefit from the fact that they give better work.

MR. I'm not aware to that idea at all. If you go back to the *Catholic Encyclopedia* of *Robert Newman* and *Quadragesimo Anno*, the worker is required to give a full day's work for a good day's pay, and the employer is

The interruption has nothing to do with the logic of what went before. So it increases what you might call subliminal anger. With violent kids, interruption intensifies their violence. After all, a violent kid is usually trying to put things together in his head. Some violent kids are restless, but many of them suffer from too much mind. Their thoughts never stop. They're trying to put together boxes to make a life that's slightly better than it has been, and they can't seem to. They're thinking and they're thinking. Then they are interrupted. They get very angry.

In my view there are all these internationalists. Because the advertiser must have his or her means, regardless of what

went before, regardless of what comes after. The advertiser has been a thing in itself. You'll see a guy make a tin board off a cliff. He'll do it double somewhere in the air and land on an eye pool. Then he leaps out of the pool, holding a can of beer. For the life of me—I've seen that commercial a hundred times—I can't tell you the name of the beer. They don't spend money on making better beer. They spend it on expensive advertisements.

Now, people will say, "How can you have TV if the advertiser isn't paying for it?"

My argument is that you're paying for it whether you know it or not. The price on products are higher because of this excessive advertising. If five products are about equal, like any five water bottles out there, then don't spend to or 15 percent of your budget on promotion in order to try to get some slight advantage over the others. Sell it for less. What's needed is that we get back to making products we are proud of. Products with individuality.

Go back to the father of capitalism, Adam Smith. His idea was that if there is a free play of workers doing these jobs, the best products will win. And a healthy society will come out of that. We've gone for away from such a concept. If you're in marketing, the real pleasure is to sell something that's crappy. Anyone can sell something that's good. But to market a

mediocre product successfully, that shows skill.

MR. Aren't you sort of just complaining? Television is low. We're not going back.

MR. There are ways it could be changed.

MR. How?

MR. Suppose the deduction of advertising as an operating cost was no longer considered a legitimate business expense. At least not a certain portion. A company has the right to announce a product and describe its qualities, but beyond that, no tax deduction. That would certainly reduce the volume of unnecessary advertising.

MR. You could do that very easily instead of taxing profits, which, as you know, advertising costs become a deduction of profits, you simply tax the gross revenues of a company. You could eliminate all these deductions. Taxation of advertising programs would solve a lot of these things.

MR. The complex the better. Change the rules of the game. Then the American capitalist can't use this addition they've gotten themselves into where they market, they advertise, they promote what they make rather than making it well.

MR. They put the emphasis on the wrong side.

MR. But the American worker began to make a little profit at what he or she is making.

MR. I think it's crucial. Let me tell you, that is what I've talked about. That's a vast of millions of Americans who don't get any satisfaction at all from what they do. The number of people who do good work with some pride and with pride is being reduced to a smaller and smaller share of the American labor force. I agree with you on that. That's not what you want to have just the assembly line job where people do the same thing hour after hour after hour.

Now, your thought of advertising is something I haven't given a great deal of thought to, but there's no doubt about it, it's an enormous amount of the wealth of the business budget, that is spent not on producing the finest product but producing the most effective ad to cause the competition to lose.

Where Buchanan's mind was open, he was open itself; the man was a study in movements from the inside to the flexible and back

NORMAN MAILER

I've been suggesting that when you make some major move to double your constituency, there's no Buchanan presidency on the horizon. Suppose you had won the Republican nomination, could you have made such a move to Jesse Jackson?

MR. There was no doubt we were looking at some people outside the Republican party. We looked outside. You mentioned Jackson—if someone could bring you to percent of the black vote without losing your constituency, you'd win the election.

MR. I think if you went outside the Republican party, you probably would have exacerbated your basic problems, which is to put the party together.

MR. I vote on my race children, I'm not here as an ethnicity—but what, for instance, if you and Jesse Jackson could do something together within the Democratic party?

MR. That would be exciting within the Republican party too, Norman.

MR. Certainly would.

MR. No, I'm saying that the differences between me and Jesse are so great on so many other issues that you move into an alliance like that you forfeit a significant part of our constituency.

MR. Did you find a significant part of his constituency?

MR. [Laughs] Let me say this, Jesse, I think, it is on the right side of NAFTA for the right reason. He sees these deals as putting working-class black folks in America into direct competition with people who have considerable skills and work for a percent of the wages that a black American gets paid in a factory. Now, we could connect together as we did on NAFTA and GATT—a non-interventionist foreign policy. That's a considerable part of my base. It's with social and cultural conservatives and traditionalists. And Jesse has gone south on right to life.

The Live Nerve

ABORTION THAT HAD COME TO THE CRUX OF THE STRAYWIFE. There would never be a left-right coalition without entering into a dialogue about abortion.

It was too soon for that. Abortion was the live nerve in the social conversation of Barack J. Buchanan, and Mailer's answer was to approach with some care. It would be better to take on first the lesser incompatibilities, under that most portions of the Left found unpardonable: it was not religion—such fine

matters as the National Rifle Association, gay rights, nationalism of immigration. Mailer, searching for agreement on this afternoon, knew that agreement here would be small if indeed it could exist at all. These were, after all, the ideas of Buchanan's own constituency, and he would hardly be able to modify them on a given afternoon to please a strong interviewer.

MR. Where do you stand on gay liberation?

MR. I don't think any special rights should stand to individuals because of who they are in their bedrooms, especially if what they engage in is homosexuality.

MR. So say "especially."

MR. I think it's wrong.

MR. It's one thing to think something's wrong; it's another to be actually opposed to it, to, in effect, persecute it.

MR. Oh, I don't believe the police should waste their time running down and harassing homosexuals at all. I think they have the same right to protection against criminal attacks as any of the rest of us. But I do believe as far as my sex laws and interests should maintain the truth that homosexuality is wrong. It is not a moral lifestyle, it is not the equivalent of traditional marriage, and I think you've got to take that stand, and I do as a traditionalist conservative.

And what was Mailer's reaction? Well, he did not know that society should maintain that homosexuality was wrong, but on the other hand, he saw no reason to say that it was right. Mailer could hardly believe in official marriage for gay men. He thought that people of any gender who lived together for years, married or not, should have financial rights underwritten by the law equal to the legal rights of married people. But not marriage itself. There were too many unhappy people out there who had been bound together for decades and couldn't meet each other, but at least they had their marriage license. That was a consolation, a postage stamp for the letter they were writing to send to the Lord. If heterosexuals, with their fire and heterosexuals and equally bent on it, they would be seen by just about everyone who loved the fragility of marriage: if homosexuals were to get the marriage license as well, the heterosexuals would be more than emboldened. And Mailer

you looking to reduce the amount of free-floating ambivalence in American life.

MM: I confess I'm a little bewildered by some of the NRA arguments.

PR: [Laughs] I know what you mean. I'm not going to get into an argument with you about it.

MM: I can understand people who want to keep their firearms. I can accept that they are sincere. But this idea that millions need assault arms to defend themselves against the government is not a real argument. We all know that the Army won't care whether you've got a rifle or an assault gun when they go in with their tanks. Now, that's where the National Rifle Association gets off the rails. It violates the notion that a citizen is entitled to small arms for personal defense.

PR: I think many of the people in the Second Amendment movement believe that the ultimate objective of the gun-control movement is to disarm the American people incrementally. Ideas which seem to be reasonable positions against improper weapons. Then we incidentally go get the citizen's nose into the tent. The goal is the registration of all firearms.

MM: All right. That's what the goal is. That doesn't mean the goal must be achieved. I think the worst thing one can ever get too politically is to start defending a notion in which one does not really believe. I think the NRA lost their high ground by defending assault weapons. It's analogous to the weakness of the pro-choice people when they will not admit that abortion is killing.

He had come back to the point of departure. Alorton

The Abortion Wars

MM: Looking at this issue carefully to me, here I think is how we understand the pro-life position. You see, I have always felt that abortion is killing. As far as I'm concerned, the innocent who spurs across the ovum, the child is conceived. But the reason I'm not on the side of right to life is that we kill all the time, we kill everything in sight. There's an apocryphal—and maybe it's a devil's argument from your point of view—I would say the only thing to be said for abortion that sickens me is that at least you have some knowledge of whom you are killing. Thus to me is less ambiguous than when you are

killing a stranger. Speak of God's purpose—you don't know what God's purpose is when you kill a stranger. You may have some idea if you're killing your own. And you probably are wrong, but at least there's some connection, some immediate connection with what you're doing. That isn't there in broad-scale killing. By my logic, I would be totally opposed to abortion about the same we were totally opposed to killing everyone and everything.

PR: Let me tell you where my disagreement comes. You can never—not any judgment—deliberately risk the life of an innocent human being. An unborn child is an innocent human being that is striving simply for life.

Now, to someone, the soldier is an aggressor, he's trying to take your life, and you have a right of self-defense to defend yourself, you have a right to defend your country, you have a right to destroy the factories that produce the weapons that kill your soldiers. What you do not have the right to do is engage in the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent human beings: the women and children of the enemy soldiers. And there's a clear differentiation, I think, between innocent human beings and a guilty human being. The man who comes in to rob your home, you have a right to kill him. That means you're having an argument with you don't?

I think it's far worse to cold-bloodedly kill someone who's part of your own family than it is in an angry argument to kill a stranger.

MM: We have a serious difference. I do believe certain children are born with goodness and others have more evil in them. Not all babies are equal. A woman has the deepest intuition, deeper than men, on the nature of what she's carrying. And she has an intimate relation, after all, from the moment of conception, with what she's conceived. If I'm looking at you and may be very close, after all, to what she's conceived—both of her feeling is that it's going to be an absolutely hideous life for that child and for her, that I don't know that I, on the outside, have the right to tell the woman what she's got to do and how she has to live, that she's got to deliver her child and go through the secondary trauma of having it adopted, or, worse, bring it up when there's no inner conviction to make the attempt.

That is where the great difficulty comes in for me

PR: I think people know what they're doing in an abortion. The idea that the woman could be that child is going to have a difficult or worse case of abuse—you're almost giving her the right to judge, to put someone to death because they have the greater potential for evil.

MM: We do that in war all the time. **PR:** Suppose she wants to send the child to him and then says, "You convinced this child is going to be dreadful. I'm going to put it to death."

MM: Well, you know, not all the murders that occur take place in an instant. Some take thirty years. There are married people who take thirty years killing each other but by ten. And they succeed. So why the poor child whose mother decides at the age of one that this child is better off not living because, indeed, that child may not live long.

I once said to—what's her name, Greer—was that interesting? I can't remember her first name.

PR: Germaine? **MM:** Germaine. Fascinating. I couldn't remember it. I was on a TV show with Germaine Greer, and she's rushed me many times over the years [PR laughs], and she said something about, "Oh, really, Norman, I do care about you," and I answered, "My God, if I'd told you that earlier like you, I'd never have reached the age of six." [PR laughs]

But the fundamental reason you subscribe to with all of your religious beliefs is that the child is God's gift to us and not to be tampered with. Is that a fair statement?

PR: Right. Under natural law, which I think you can reach by reason, the unborn child is a human being and alive, and you have no right to kill innocent human life once innocent human life. It's one thing if someone is coming up to well and has a hostage in front of him and says a gun is in my hands, you're locked on you and your family—I think in that case you may have a right to sit or have right through the hostage to kill him. But the objective is to stop the aggressor. It is not deliberately designed to kill the innocent. That is a by-product of it. Just like in war, innocent people are killed as a by-product of military efforts designed to destroy solid targets. That the idea of going deliberately to kill an unborn child is in no way a violation of the natural law and a violation of God's law, and I do believe that unborn children, that spark of life, they have a soul to them, and they are creatures of God,

and we can't play God. God alone has the right to take life.

MM: To me, the core of it is that it's hideous when a woman has to have an abortion. Her suffering is immense.

And if a law were passed that abortions were illegal, you know, of course, they'd go on. We'd return to the old, world-hurting of going to some try-night doctor in some dirty alley and having it done there. Well, I won't go so far as to say that that may be, in some odd way, less injurious to the woman—it may also bring the wrath of female liberos down on me forever—but for some women it could be less traumatic to their spirit than to have it done in a hospital, where everything is sanitized, where it's, "Sorry, darling, this is going to hurt a little bit," and there are nice people and one is treated with great care and dignity. It's like getting a molar for AIDS. If we have done something that's brought on an impossible situation for ourselves, we ought to know it. We shouldn't be conned.

PR: I don't know what your bottom line is there. **MM:** I don't know myself.

He didn't. On which side of the question could he come down? Buchanan, of course, had no difficulty here. Milder did. He knew all too well that a political vote could be effective only when it became a psychological reality for significantly large groups of people. Equality for Afro-Americans was a question that few Americans did not have to face one or two. Whereas gay liberation, while it had brought a sense of worth to gay people, was legitimate only as a personal cause—you could not travel with it, you could not say, I am gay and I am for black people (or, I am for Indians) (or for lesbians) (or for the flat top) (or for cleaning up welfare) (or for increasing the intermarriage rate). Who could care? Politically, it did not travel, whereas the question of black rights vibrated everywhere.

Perfide and pro-choice were also large psychological realities. Each, however, was profoundly contradictory to our own party philosophy. Conservative

was wished to get government off the backs of the people, yet should pro-life prevail, government would certainly be on the backs of pregnant women. Liberals were opposed to

IT'S LIKE GETTING A MEDAL FOR AIDS. WE SHOULDN'T BE COZED IF WE'VE BROUGHT A SITUATION ON OURSELVES

the death penalty and indeed were opposed to killing billions of almost any varieties of unborn children. There they would claim that abortion was not killing.

The debate put both sides into intellectual strain. Yet no one could deny the spiritual intensity of each point of view.

Buchanan had asked, in effect, Where are you, on that Milder knew that his private answer, given the moral salaciousity of the issue, was not part of a higher ethic. He saw the question finally as a political matter. A dire one, if in these days he could be given the larger part of what he desired politically—a movement to dismantle the power of the corporate leviathan—and if, to achieve that, pro-life could serve as a bridge between Right and Left, then he could accept it even if he didn't believe the government had the right to climb upon the backs of pregnant women. You asked a tenth of your intellectual possessions on the altar of a larger vision.

You could do that, however, only if the fundamental agreement was there. In return for pro-life an immense demand on the Left—what equally large concession could be offered? Buchanan had not let go of his basic belief that he could accomplish it all from the right: grassroots Republicans, Protestants, and right-wing Democrats. It was not enough.

Further to the Left
AT THIS TIME, MAILER HAD GIVEN THE Chalk Lecture, and he now proceeded to quote from it "Will the same come," he had written, "when we can ease concerning ourselves with the fiction that the rich need large profit incentives in order to keep our economy going? Just as a poor man does all he can to survive under the most wretched circumstances, so will the rich continue to be rich (although less so) if their profits are reduced by the recognition that a modern society cannot take as honest (honest until it becomes) to provide for all its citizens. To blame the poor for suffering on welfare has no justice unless we are also willing to judge

every rich member of society by the productive he does in a Tilden trial by individual, in that there's more idleness and abuse of government funds among the economically privileged than among the ranks of welfare. It's time to stop judging the poor. Our real need is to judge ourselves."

PR: On fire reading, I don't disagree with that. You don't need a salary that's 100 times the average worker's when the boss used to have one that was 10 times. I don't think you need those enormous, thousand profits or rewards to give people adequate incentive. But let me ask you, I don't believe in politics to that. People have to be able to stand for the man. It doesn't bother me that Bill Gates has no billion or that Ted Turner has his to follow—as long as the person being rewarded is treating his people fairly and well and generously. So I don't have a problem making sure there's no roof over any man's head as long as the floor of decency is under every man's feet.

MM: How about the idea that a modern society cannot take an honest breadth until it provides for all its citizens?

PR: An efficient society like the United States has a moral obligation to take care of the less fortunate among us now. There are differences over how that should be done. The welfare state

has become a total monoculture. It's loaded with so many tapes I think the American people are precious and good-hearted people. I don't think the government approach works. There's no doubt of our obligation to charity to those less fortunate.

MR. But then you end up with another kind of welfare. See, my point here is that welfare may be god-sent, but then look at all the rich who do not want a damned bit, who never produce anything. They consume and they're filled with envy of those who are richer than them.

MR. Who are they to judge the poor? Is there the ones always sleeping. "Those welfare people don't do a damned thing, and they're living off the fat of the land."

MR. Well, in that sense, they don't have a moral standing to judge the poor, but a fundamental difference is that a lot of people think, "Whatever the welfare is, it's not doing it with their own money or their daddy's money; they're not doing it with me. The objection of the middle class

and their hostility to welfare is that while I am earning my own way, they are not. They're living off me."

MR. You mean they don't disapprove of those who were lucky enough to inherit money; they're just disapproving of the lack of the poor?

MR. Here you're going to deal with that problem as you get into inheritance tax on the asset-rich. A hundred percent over a million dollars, zero inheritance.

It was frustrating. So sure, so far away. But a few of Buchanan's anti-semites had actually reached farther to the left than Mader had anticipated. All the more reason, then, to push the candidate farther.

MR. I have to keep saying, unless you make a real connection to the Left, the center will manipulate the Left and stop you. Clinton and Company will yet be seen as Status Incorporated.

MR. Clinton did maybe. Gary will become a hero of the Left and a hero of the corporate boardrooms and a hero

of the Hollywood class. But you would have working-class America against the establishment. You would have the young people who are consider. Income numbers of young people. McGovern got them—all this stuff on the new-Goldwater got them. Young people are attracted to politics of ideas and politics with no compromise.

MR. You still have to be able to offer something concrete. On Medicare and health insurance, would you go further than Clinton went with his Medicare plan, which was finally a huge sop to

with conscience, be equal to suffering the ardors of a working-class candidate every hour of one's working existence. "I will sacrifice my shoulder socket in order to keep a hold on your neck."

Yet if some inner power did not come to America in the next few years, fascism would be pressing at the gates. The way was that Buchanan, who had been named and feared by the media elite as a demagogue, a potential leader of fascists, was more likely an antidote, health to the state, but, only if the Corporation of money was not so much a man of money.

The Corporation that commanded enough to contemplate us, step by step, into a totalitarian state.

Contemplating the specter of drugs, AIDS, crack, crime, welfare mothers, and the homeless, Mader took it for granted that there were power centers in the Corporation that had come to the conclusion (and the Friedman Republicans were certainly there to add thrust) that the effective solution to their endangered interests was to keep applying heat to the downward rates of the problem.

With a little back, now would be, in fact, consensus. If white neighborhoods were invaded by the noisier, there would be martial law to ring every ghetto to it. If racism isolated, then free speech would be mutilated in a few newspapers, then in a great many. If corporations without a name, and corporate capitalism would live happily in a new concept of democracy. A somewhat corrupted democracy. They would not call it fascism.

Given such a perspective, Mader could even contemplate the temporary closure of immigration for which Buchanan had been calling. The American interest situation might be bad enough to require such an action as a palliative. It was an idea that would in other years have seemed outrageous to him, but there was almost a palpable need to stabilize the one, outstaged, well-learned, and faraway terror of the nation. For a cruel All American became power of force for too long, and a perceived threat of immigration would certainly be destructive to all that was

most noble about America. Could he really give assets, however, to a limited period without immigration? Was this another ploy to best prepare himself to swallow for a left-right coalition?

Buchanan kept coming back to how he could win the Republican nomination. Mader was obliged to recognize that his hope that Buchanan would move to the Democrats had actually continued by left afternoon. Nonetheless, he kept telling Buchanan that he could not win as a Republican.

MR. You present the Corporation with a huge problem. In effect, you have said that you are their enemy. You are never going to get the Republican nomination. They'll change the rules before they'll let you have it!

MR. [Laughs] But we come close. [MR.] You did and you didn't. It's true that you came to me—I was like watching a boxer who's fighting beautifully for four rounds, and suddenly he's overthrown in the fifth round. And one never sees the punch. After he was overthrown, I said to myself, "Why did he overthrown? He could win! Because I knew if you did—I have a hundred disagreements with you, but I know if you won, everything was going to be open again in American politics, all the questions that have been buried for decades under a blanket. The blanket of the cold war."

MR. It would have been a very country case night about now. [Laughs]

MR. It would have been a very country case night about now. [Laughs] It would have been in my mayoralty campaign, I remember that every time we had a piece of good news and we ran in the year after the assassination of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. People were saying, "We're in trouble, real trouble!" I had the feeling, watching you one night on TV, that you knew there could be some times ahead, if you kept winning. You had a sense, not of failure, except that of high purpose, that high course—the heart goes a sense, really, of an attitude, that every step is meaningful and tragedy can be ahead. I'm just not sure you could have gone all the way. There was too much to lose for too many people as your own party who were totally opposed to you.

MR. You mean physically they would stop me?

MR. Yes.

MR. You know many money people told me that. They said, "You will never make it out there."

MR. Not on their terms in another party, right? But not by winning the nomination of their party because at that point, you would have been appropriating their word.

Well, they were close to colluding again. So Mader did not say, "Oh they would appropriate your word."

Do You Like Jews?

THERE WAS, HOWEVER, ONE LAST QUESTION. A side question. Norman Mader almost couldn't bring himself to ask it. The answer can hardly be a friend to someone's country, but just in certain circles ought not to be asked (just a few), so serious questions should not be posed. He had always thought how future reporters—and they were usually women—would ask: "Do you dislike women?" Mader would growl. (The stomach is always distressed by the answers one contemplates that are considerably larger than the question.) The reply he could give and rarely did was:

"No, I don't dislike women. I hate them and I adore them. I love them and sometimes I can't love them. I hate them and I adore them. There doesn't seem to be a word in the English language to describe the feelings I have for women. I find them wonderful to write about, although more difficult to write about, as they are so complex, and you in answer to your question, there are even times I simply dislike them. Especially when they are narrow and political." Yes, and he could even like women who were political (and who had imagination).

Now he would have to ask Buchanan if he was anti-Semitic. And he didn't want to. The question had come to focus back in 1950, when Buchanan had been opposed to the war with Iraq and had made this statement: "There are only two groups that are bearing the brunt. For war in the Middle East—the Israeli Defense Ministry and its army center in the United States." Three weeks later, Abe Rosenthal, his ex-columnist in the New York Times, characterized Buchanan as an anti-Semitic gaily of "blood libel," and a one-thousand-word piece by Joshua Mervin was soon published in Commentary, analyzing every position taken by Buchanan over twenty years that could be seen as anti-Semitic: Buchanan's delusions, Jewish and gentile, came forward, then, and in whole answer. As William F. Buckley Jr. would say: "Everyone who has known and worked with him during the charge that he has personal

behavior Buchanan has ever shown any sympathy whatever toward Jews." Dealing, however, with Mervin's indictment, Buckley concluded, "I find it impossible to defend the Buchanan against the charge that what he did and during the period under examination amounted to anti-Semitism." Five years later, in a column in the New York Post, Buckley would add: "The anti-Semitic publications of what Buchanan was then saying were prompted not by anti-Semitism, but by the sense of audience and the need for a headline." Bruce Sinclair.

Mailer, having studied a far amount of the material, thought he might agree with Buckley for once. But, in any event, he did not wish to pursue the question. His interest in Buchanan had very little to do with going to the bottom of such a matter; the question was not only unanswerable but unanswerable. When did anti-Semitism move from the place where a man was part of one's freedom of opinion over into a hatred so virulent that it reached ethnic violence in others?

If Buchanan was anti-Semitic, he would, Mader was certain, fall clearly into the first category. It was considerable that Jews were not his favorite people. So he at Mader based the question because it served the forces of political correctness.

MR. There's just one more thing I want to clear up. I don't believe you're anti-Semitic in the way you've been accused. There have been times in my life when I didn't like humans as a group, didn't like the Irish as a group, or Wop, being Jewish, there was a time when I didn't like Jews. When is the Jew who is fond of all the Jews he knows? But just for the record, I am correct in saying you are not at all anti-Semitic?

MR. You are correct.

MR. And I will write that you only liked once.

[They both laugh.]

MR. Let me make a quick speech about my fellow Jews. We really come from two traditions, two absolutely opposed traditions—a tradition to the gap between Jewish Catholics and liberation theology. Among my people, there are those who are interested in justice and those interested in power, money influence. It divides our our historic roots. The desire of some Jews to have huge power and

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(Joe, 35) "It has made more success in my [love] life. I have a younger woman chasing me and she is very interested... That sure makes a guy feel good!"

(James, 38) "I use '10X' every time I use the product it gives... There's something about you that attracts me." It is so easy."

(Single, 35) "I have the younger women [college age] at the gym were more aggressive/forward than normal with me. Had dates 4 days this week."

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[Continued from page 136] I am scribbling everything down to get the hole done right."

Smiling, "Our brand name is incredibly important." It is pronounced that if you have a good experience with our Virgin product, you will enjoy our out-of-the-box product.

Nonchalant Branson is always by a phone and usually has his notebook with him. As soon as he fills one, his assistant summarizes it. He has the kind of memory that allows him to say, "I used the same from May 1981 when I spoke to X." He has no notebooks summarized.

Since 1981, in many global businesses, there is often a partnership of the dreamer and the business guy. The dreamer is the founder and conceptualizer; the business guy must make it work and say no, but not too often. Branson has people such as Ian Duffell, president of Virgin Recording U.S., managing the Megatrane. Duffell had worked for IBM. "It is a real nuisance," Branson jokes of the Beach Boys' songs of Duffell. "He comes back and plays the guitar." While Branson is signing autographs and taking in an array of photos from a new flip top on the Virgin soda can at the Virgin Megatrane opening, Duffell was in the background.

Staff Branson seems to have a greater interest in and tolerance for staff than many other founders do. He says in the initial with his flight crew. He has no handlers, manager, or independent to shield him from contact. In his little shop mode, he talks to everyone, invites his driver to leave the car and join him for a drink. He invites the pretty cashier at the Virgin Megatrane to come along for dinner and bring "four or five" friends. He forgets names and sometimes the specific jobs his employees do, but he compensates with charm. "I have always tried to be on the same wavelength as the person cleaning the floor or the switched-on operator... on a Christmas-name basis."

Many a Branson. He keeps saying small in beautiful, unadorned, he opens Megatrane and flying airplanes. Although he was unable to get through more than a few pages of E.F. Schreyer's book Small Is Beautiful, he translates the concept. When the Megatrane is specialized departments, and his

3,000-member cabin crew is split into 20 groups of 50 each that always fly together. "As we get bigger," he explains, "we try to get smaller."

He became the Virgin brand. His boyhood pranks solidified into planned and choreographed stunts. When his empire was just an airport built on the San Francisco, Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells, and rock 'n' roll, he lost it in his body. He wore a dark behind a bling, climbed a London skyscraper in a Spider-Man outfit, escaped off the top of Alcatraz, opened his "Trump." Trying to become known in Miami, he was shot and came up with a fish in his mouth and two air kisses. "Richard wanted to say, 'Is he safe?'" says his stunt coordinator. "There have been some hairy ones."

WHY—NOW THAT HE SEEMS RICHER THAN HIS SUPERHERO, UNDER GUARDIAN, WITH TWO BUSINESSES, 8,500 EMPLOYEES, A CASH-RICH PRIVATE COMPANY WITH ANNUAL REVENUES OF ABOUT \$2.5 BILLION, WORLD RECORDS IN CAR-DEVELOPMENT—DOESN'T HE BACK BACK AND GO OFF TO HIS ISLAND? Well, they never do. "Once, I thought about it. Around the time I turned forty, I said, 'Oh, my God! I was on holiday and I wondered, 'What's that all about? I was ready to go to a university and I said this to my wife and she said, 'You only went to go because of all the young women.' She pulled me up short."

That. He was young to provide his own entertainment as a child. No TV and no books. He was told to go to a youth camp, stop sitting around watching others do things. "I feel guilty now if I am not trying to achieve. Because of my upbringing—probably I suppose the idea was not to waste your life."

Men like him are supposedly the founding principle of the Virgin empire. Branson, who came from a family of less than, lived and worked on a beachhead, and worked away another man's wife, is obviously in thrill to meet romantic women. When he was launching Virgin Energy and the "Peanut Cola" battle, which was designed to mimic the body of Pepsi Anderson Lee, he had her come over. "After the launch, I had a full diary and meetings all afternoon," but when she asked Branson if he knew any good weekend spots, he immediately cancelled the rest of the day's appointments and off they went.

MR. PEEPERS, ESQ.

WHY WILL HE CONQUER AMERICA? The High Queen, Superspeedy Pacer, Branson's manner is modern, with the full Gramscian array of humanist stances. He is detached, completely informed. He has a quiet voice. "Oh, lovely," he says frequently.

One of the accepted conventions about billionaires is that they are men different from others. After the first billion, many money things are permitted and accepted as lovable eccentricities and waywardness. America is a place where Branson can be less angry, where the old values and stances seem fresh. We have always been warmly negative to the dour English economic (Branson's uncle ate hay). Unfinished public plays, which the English reports now call "Bransonomics," seem bold. America loves a clown. The pocket of Branson's PR, natural already weighs in at eight pounds. That includes the go-page advertisement, Branson's as well as "Barry Seal's" last book, which is about Virgin Records, but does not include the (40-page) two-volume book.

"The only way to make it really work is to really live here," he says, although he will not do this while his children are in school. America loves his type—a bit of a genius, a bit of a maniac.

WHY DOES HE WANT? Herb Kelleher of Southwest Airlines. Kelleher is a fellow wild man who can outdrink Branson, as good as a man, but not as much. Branson, who came from a family of less than, lived and worked on a beachhead, and worked away another man's wife, is obviously in thrill to meet romantic women. When he was launching Virgin Energy and the "Peanut Cola" battle, which was designed to mimic the body of Pepsi Anderson Lee, he had her come over. "After the launch, I had a full diary and meetings all afternoon," but when she asked Branson if he knew any good weekend spots, he immediately cancelled the rest of the day's appointments and off they went.

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to be shy. I always said never to be shy because if you are shy, you are showing off."

For "1.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "2.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "3.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "4.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "5.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "6.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "7.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "8.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "9.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "10.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "11.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "12.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "13.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "14.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "15.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "16.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "17.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "18.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "19.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "20.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "21.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "22.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "23.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "24.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "25.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "26.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "27.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" and "28.1.1 Who is he thinking of?" 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MR. PEEPERS, ESQ. JULIE BAUMGOLD

BORN-AGAIN VIRGIN

ON THE DAY THE VIRGIN Megastore opened in Times Square, the TV press, the usual throbbing electronic cashflow, had backed back and Thomson was the first time they were asking about the scandal-hamament out he heard that day.

Now, in the middle of opening the largest entertainment store in the world, this brief puff had come down on the stage favorites.

"It's rather like the ghost at Ban-

road books, who left school at sixteen to begin his empire. No one got a "back up" someone said, but nobody did, because the hot love light of controversy was upon him. America loves scandal almost as much as the Irish do and loves its hungry belchman more, and America is just what Thomson wanted.

The second Virgin invasion of the States (he had tried and failed in 1981 with Virgin Records) had already begun. The planes had landed, Virgin Megastores were open, Virgin Cola

was out, and he was back in America. Anyway and succeeds where Sir Freddie Laker failed. He keeps the phone number of a girl in the crowd, "I had a groupie," he says. "She stuffed a note in my pocket the other night. I have to keep it for at least twenty-four hours. She was awfully pretty."

He loses a lot. "It's not the money it's the challenge," says his mother, Eve. "He plays better tennis when he is losing. He has to lose to win." In this connection, he has been known to cheat a bit. When he had his magazine, *Stunt*, he would print up just the first one thousand copies on thick, creamy paper to give to the advertisers. He was once arrested for tax fraud for selling export records.

He loses fun. He is the chief funmaster, taking out 50% of his staff while he is in the United States. Given and expensive in hand, he closes down more than one bar a night these nights in a row and comes home at dawn, his pockets stuffed with notes and tips, his head swollen on, free men have this confusion and break energy so that they can get up the next morning ready to deal and take over without rotation in their brains.

HOW DOES HE DO IT? "Do you want the modest or immediate answer?" he asks. "I answer myself

in getting the business out and am very involved the first three or four months, get good people to run it and give them a stake in the company and a lot of freedom, and then step back and move on to the next." When we spoke, he was very involved with the new record company and in talks with Rupert Murdoch about Virgin TV, a channel for young adults. "I learn most from socializing. I fly on our plane, and [continued on page 150]



Lying down on the job? That guilty now if I am not trying to achieve. Thomson says.

gan's face," said Thomson, getting it a bit wrong, ducking and bobbing, his manner in full bloom, his hand scribbling at the back of his neck. He had taken off the silver flight suit he wore to ride the Megaball down into the crowd and was once again in jeans. He was kind of messy and self-deprecating, gracious and becomingly hesitant, thoroughly English.

Macbeth was not a bad reference to pull out for a man who does not

was on its way to Philadelphia, and the record label for now called V2 was being reborn. A few questions remained after I spoke with Thomson.

WHY DOES HE DO IT? Thomson loves risk and craves danger, needs motion and thrills. Thus, he takes a powerboat across the ocean, being easily dumped with every wave. He flies a hot-air balloon across the Atlantic and then the Pacific. He takes on French



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